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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



It was almost 20 years ago that cartoonist Arnold Roth's bold strokes first appeared in the pages of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. Since then, Art Director Dick Gangel has kept Roth busy illustrating stories on everything from golf to drag racing. It had gotten so that Roth thought he had done it all. Then we told him, "Fleas, please," which meant we needed some illustrations for Bill Gilbert's essay this week on the itchy little critters (*I've Got You Under My Skin*, page 30). Roth's reaction was circumspect but normal: he scratched his head. Then he began scratching all over. That is Roth you see, still scratching, in the accompanying self-portrait.

An assignment like this one might have gotten a lesser man down, but Roth merely bit his lip and sought out the society of every beast of dubious hygiene in his neighborhood. It was not exactly the kind of research an artist longs for, but Roth says that such assiduity is the inevitable result of working for Gangel. "When Dick makes an assignment he assumes the work will be top quality," says Roth, "and being well over six feet tall, he gets it—especially from us little artists. The rewarding thing about working for Gangel is that he allows artists full expression, even though he knows we are mentally and morally inchoate, self-playing, snivelingly dressed and, when he needs us, never at the bars where we say we always hang out."

Roth does most of his hanging out

at his home in Princeton, N.J., where he also keeps a studio, a wife named Caroline, two kids and, these days, a few fleas. Every chance Roth gets, he takes off for his native Philadelphia to watch the Phillies play. "I avoid drawing whenever I can," he says. Sharking work, however, is something at which Roth has failed so miserably that last year he won the National Cartoonists Society awards as the Best Sports Cartoonist and Best Cartoonist Illustrator. "They are very high honors," says Roth, obviously pretty choked up about it, "because the awards were given by my colleagues—degenerate cartoonists."

It might be expected that between drawing and scratching, scratching and drawing, Roth would be too busy for much else. Not so. An accomplished saxophone player since boyhood, Roth is a big noise in an eight-piece jazz band that performs regularly at New York's Gramercy Park Players club, as well as at most 51 parties. Arnold is also available for solo performances at bar mitzvahs, christenings and Phillie games—but only if they make it to the World Series this fall. "Write this down," Roth said recently to no one in particular, "I'm the Benny Goodman of cartooning; musically, I'm a stiff."

Well, scratch a cartoonist and he bleeds ink. Scratch Roth... please!

Sack Meyer

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SCORECARD

edited by SARAH PLEGGI

SEEING VS. BELIEVING

When the news became public earlier this year that Jimmy Connors was not really playing winner-take-all tennis against the likes of Nastase and Laver and Newcombe as CBS Sports had led us to believe, CBS hired two outside lawyers to investigate the affair and write a report.

Early last month the lawyers submitted their 61-page report to the FCC and to two congressional committees investigating television sports coverage. According to a story by Neil Amdur in last Sunday's *New York Times*, the FCC, after a month of deliberation, has decided it is not entirely satisfied with the CBS report and will open an investigation of its own. Citing "FCC sources," the *Times* said it had learned that the agency was concerned with "inconsistencies in the contents of the CBS report."

That was the news on page 1 of the sports section. Then, with the story continued on page 4, the *Times* quoted from the report as follows: "In light of the publicity that had surrounded the first three matches, when the financial terms for the Nastase match became known to CBS Sports, steps should promptly have been taken to see to it that persons with publicity and on-air responsibilities were provided with the correct information. Had this been done, the erroneous winner-take-all and other prize money statements would not have been made."

Maybe. And then again, maybe not. Our skepticism is based on the fact that as we finished reading the FCC story our eye jumped to an ad for CBS Sports on page 5.

Beside a picture of Connors the copy read, "1:30 pm—Live International Tennis Tournament from Mt. Washington, N.H. Can Jimmy Connors Defend His Title Against the Game's Best?" This is on Sunday, mind you. Connors was knocked out of the tournament by Harold Solomon in the quarterfinals on Friday.

Below the picture of Connors was another picture, of a grinning Lee Trevino. The accompanying text read, "4 pm—

Sammy Davis Jr. Greater Hartford Open—Live. Final Round Action as Lee Trevino, Ray Floyd and Other Top Pros Aim for the \$42,000 First Prize!"

Well, Lee Trevino shot 66 on Thursday, the first day of the tournament, and was two shots off the pace. But after two more rounds he was tied for 29th and so far out of contention his scores were not even listed in that same Sunday *Times* sports section. As for Ray Floyd, he did not play at Hartford at all.

Once we had taken this in, we went back to the news story, to the part that quoted the CBS report as saying, "We have found no reason to believe that there was any intentional deception of the public by CBS personnel."

SIDE BY SIDE

The long battle between conservationists and the tuna fishing industry over how best to protect the porpoise from possible extinction was precipitated by the fact that tuna like to swim in the company of certain species of porpoise. Inevitably, when the tuna nets are drawn up porpoises are caught, too, and in their struggles to escape some of them are killed.

Conservationists believed purse-seining should be prohibited to save the porpoises. Tuna people threatened to register their boats under foreign flags if the U.S. Government shackled them with too many regulations. Legislative skirmishes have been won by both sides, and many compromises have been made over the years, but the war drags on.

Lately, however, a phenomenon has been observed that may mean the porpoises are going to resolve the dispute by themselves. Those smart, lovable creatures seem to be avoiding the dangerous company of their old pals, the tuna, at least when the tuna boats are around. Many fewer of them are showing up in the nets this year, according to fishermen and government observers.

One theory has it that certain species have learned to run at the sight of the fe-

thal tuna boats and have been able to pass that knowledge on to their young. Another theory is Darwinian—the survival of the cautious porpoise. As more and more trusting porpoises are caught up in the nets and killed, the porpoise population gradually has come to be dominated by cautious porpoises, which avoid the nets altogether.

Flipper may have beaten the odds.

ONLY A ROSE

Listen to Pete Rose talking to a *Philadelphia Bulletin* reporter about sliding headfirst. He makes it sound almost reasonable. "It's the easiest way, the safest way and the fastest way. Belly whopping is the wrong term because the only thing you ever hurt is your knees and arms. You slide on your arms. Your elbows have to hit first. If your knees hit first, you're slowing down your momentum. ... No one ever taught me how to slide. I've been sliding headfirst since I was



eight. In the Astrodome they wet the field down before the game. They wet it down and you can't slide for dilly. You slide and just stop. One night I slid headfirst in the Astrodome, back when we were wearing the uniforms with the cutout arms. I slid and I got up and the uniform shirt fell off me. The buttons didn't come off—I tore it from armpit to armpit."

GAUDEAMUS IGNITUR

For reasons only a trivialist would understand, the NCAA has published a list of its members' team nicknames. The list is predictably heavy in Tigers (28), Bull-

continued

dogs (18) and Bears (17), but one name that gets the imagination rolling is the Heidelberg (Ohio) College Student Princes. There is probably a certain amount of self-hypnosis involved in thinking of oneself as a wild, ferocious or tenacious animal. But how, one wonders, does the athletic psyche deal with being a Student Prince-of-a-fellow and playing football at the same time? And think of the cheerleaders. How can one exhort a Student Prince to "bust 'em"?

Psychologically speaking, however, there are worse fates than that of the Heidelberg princelings. Consider the hand-icap borne cheerfully by the University of Akron Zips.

RAIN-CHECKED

New York Yankee hating is as traditional a summer pastime as drinking lemonade and scratching mosquito bites. But this year, thanks to Reggie Jackson, George Steinbrenner and the nasty odor created by compost heaps of money, anti-Yankee feeling has reached new levels of virulence.

Nowhere is the feeling running higher than in Kansas City. On July 25 the Royals were scheduled to play their last game of the season against the Yankees, a night game in New York. But at 4:30 p.m., the Yankee management called the game because of rain. The game has been rescheduled for the night of Aug. 29, which means that the Royals will not only lose one of their two off days for the month but will also be playing 22 consecutive days.

"In all my years in baseball, never have I seen a game called that early, especially a season's series finale," growled Joe Burke, the Royals' general manager. "Who ever heard of calling a game that early because of a forecast for rain? It didn't rain after 7 o'clock that night. The Yankees just didn't want to play the game that night."

It may be merely coincidence, but by canceling the game, the Yankees gained a two-day rest for Sparky Lyle's worn-out arm, and they were able to save starter Catfish Hunter for the opening game of their series with Eastern Division rival Baltimore.

It was not the first time this season the Yankees have canceled a game under suspicious circumstances. The other was on July 6, when the Yankees, in the midst of the worst of their domestic troubles, were scheduled to play Cleveland

at night. The game was called at 5 p.m. of a perfectly playable day because of, according to the Yankees, "rain and poor field conditions."

According to the rules, a team can postpone a game up until the official starting time. After that only the umpires have the power, except in the final month of the season. Then only the umpires can cancel a game on game day.

The Yankees, if they keep it up, are going to be responsible for a rules change that will leave cancellations on game day to the umpires throughout the season.

RENAISSANCE PERSON

Joan Joyce, one of the greatest of all female athletes, earned her LPGA player's card a couple of weeks ago with rounds of 75-78-78-76—307 at the Belmont Country Club in Perrysburg, Ohio. It was her second try, but when Joyce makes up her mind to do something, she generally pulls it off. She is 21-3 this season pitching for the Connecticut Falcons of the International Women's Professional Softball Association, and when she is not pitching she plays first base. In her 21-year softball career, much of it with the Raybestos Brakettes, she has thrown 40 perfect games and 138 no-hitters.

Furthermore, Joyce was three times an All-American basketball player in AAU ball and five times in the Women's Basketball Association. She averaged 25 points a game during her nine-year career. And she has a bowling average of 180. When she took up golf an earnest 18 months ago, she was already 35 years old, but in the LPGA school she tied for seventh, five strokes behind Donna Horton White, the 23-year-old U.S. Amateur champion, and six strokes behind Nancy Lopez, 20, the collegiate phenom who has twice finished second in the Women's Open.

The skills it takes to be world class in other sports are not always transferable to golf, but Babe Zaharias did it, and Joan Joyce is an athlete out of the Zaharias mold. It would not do to bet against her.

GLASS REUNION

One Harry Peter Grant was listed among the missing in a recent newsletter mailed to members of the University of Minnesota's class of 1950. The class secretary, obviously not a sports-page reader, appealed to his classmates to help locate Grant.

In a spirit of intermural cooperation, we are happy to volunteer the information that Harry Peter (Bud) Grant has been living and working right there in Bloomington for the last 10 years or so and that he has been a credit to his class.

JAWS

Greg Sampson, the Houston Oilers' offensive tackle, and Rita, his Labrador retriever, had been fond companions since 1972. Sampson's senior year at Stanford. Rita accompanied Sampson to several training camps, her pups were purchased by other Oilers and she became a sort of unofficial mascot for the team.

Recently Rita came to a swift, sad end. She was swimming with Sampson's wife Kathy, some friends and another Labrador in a Lake Livingston tributary in East Texas when a 10-foot-long alligator suddenly surfaced, snatched Rita and disappeared into the deep.

Grieving Greg was excused from practice the next day by Coach Bum Phillips, who commiserated. "Those alligators are protected, but it seems to me when one of them is big enough to grab a 40-pound dog, man is the endangered species."

THEY SAID IT

- Amos Owens, Kansas City centerfielder, rattapping Joe Adcock's assessment of the batting eye of Henry Aaron to Rod Carew: "Trying to sneak a pitch past him is like trying to sneak the sunrise past a rooster."

- Bruce Jenner, on whether he is the world's greatest athlete: "If you want to use the decathlon as a test of total athletic ability, then I guess I'm the world's greatest athlete. It's as good a test as any, I guess. But that sure doesn't help me when I stand up at a tee and try to hit a golf ball. Then I'm just another guy who can't hit straight."

- Red Auerbach, Boston Celtics president, on why he has not gotten into the free-agent market: "First, these guys are unhappy ballplayers to start with, and I don't want unhappy ballplayers around. Second, they want more money than they are worth. Third, you have to give up too much in compensation to get them."

- Ed Snider, owner of the Philadelphia Flyers, on his team's influence on the city's youth: "Before the Flyers came along, kids in South Philadelphia used to stand on corners having rambles. Now they play street hockey."

END

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GIVING JOE A BIG HELLO

Playing just one quarter and throwing only four passes, Joe Namath didn't exactly tear the Vikings apart, but Ram fans made his debut a very special occasion
by Ron Fimrite

It is the Rams' ball on the 50, third quarter, second and eight. Joe Namath drops back to pass, looks downfield, sees no one open. Then, with his celebrated quick release, he unloads to Tight End Terry Nelson for 11 yards up the middle and a first down in Viking territory. Thunderous cheers from 55,168 fans in the Los Angeles Coliseum, the sort ordinarily saved for last-second, 80-yard touchdown bombs. It is the first pass completion in professional football for Namath to any teammate but a New York Jet. It is history of a sort.

Namath played only the third quarter of the Rams' opening preseason game with Minnesota last Saturday night—a 22-17 loss, as it were, for the home team—and his performance was scarcely remarkable, three completions in four attempts for 34 yards, but it was enough to win him the adoration of his new constituents. Anything shy of four straight interceptions and a goal-line fumble would have sufficed, so eager were they to embrace him. Starting Quarterback Pat Haden's beauty of a 36-yard touchdown pass to Willie Miller might as well have been a no-gainer up the middle so mild was its reception in comparison with that accorded Namath's 11-yarder.

For that matter, Namath's mere appearance on the field recalled Lindbergh at Le Bourget. It was as if he were seen as one who had come to deliver the Rams from the plague of near-misses they have suffered in recent NFL playoffs. Namath is an unlikely Messiah, and in the past few seasons he has not been all that good a quarterback, either, but no one in Los Angeles had forgotten that once, long ago in 1969, he did take a team that was not supposed to win to victory in the Super Bowl.

After his debut Namath spoke with affection of his new friends in Southern California. "That ovation gave me a great feeling," he said, his famous aquamarine eyes humbly downcast. "I hope the people here are happy with me." Such statements are in keeping with the "just-one-of-the-boys" posture he has adopted in his new circumstances. But it would be a mistake to say that Namath, for all of the plain-folks protestations attributed to him, has blended unobtrusively into the Ram picture.

Hiring Namath, as the Rams discovered after he signed as a waived free agent last May, is like having Farrah Fawcett-Majors on the payroll. People like that get noticed. Namath remains what he has

been from the beginning of his amply chronicled career: a media supersubject. That he should have departed one celebrity-swollen community for another is fitting for one who, while his once formidable skills decline, has become increasingly famous for being famous.

In his brief stay with the Rams, Namath has been the subject of two major press conferences, one in Los Angeles at the time of his signing, the other when he reported to the Ram training camp on the campus of California State University at Fullerton. In each, he conducted himself with his usual aplomb, although after the first, which involved some lame jokes on his legendary fondness for women, he confided to a New York journalist that some characters in the L.A. press seemed a bit intrusive for his tastes. The remark, subsequently published, did not endear him to the local press.

But in training camp Namath has sought to escape rather than exploit the media. Oh, he might do an interview with Rona Barrett from time to time, but mostly he has held himself apart. A pleasant enough young man named Wayne Lytle has served him as chauffeur, amanuensis and protective shield. If one wishes an audience with Namath, one first locates Lytle. There has been such an aura about Namath in camp that the veteran Los Angeles Times columnist, John Hall, felt impelled to inquire of Ram public relations director Jerry Wilcox, "Say, just what is the procedure around here for talking to Joe Namath?" To simply

continued

walk up and introduce oneself, as one might with a lesser athlete, seemed to Hall, in the atmosphere of the Ram camp, nothing short of barbaric.

Namath is still all business on the field. He labors long hours honing now jagged skills, adapting himself to a new system, making the acquaintance of new teammates. His afflicted legs are so hidden beneath a network of braces and bandages that he appears to be making his way on prosthetic devices, but he is astonishingly quick on his feet for one so handicapped. Because of his lame knees, though, he does not running. When his teammates trudge complacently by on their laps of the field, they find Namath supine, eyes averted, intent on stretching exercises.

Namath takes his laps after practice—and not on dry land. When Namath's teammates have been dismissed from their labors, Lytle drives onto the field and hurries his employer away to the campus pool, where each day he swims up to 64 laps, nearly a mile. The aquatic program was devised by Ram trainer Gary Tuthill as a means of increasing Namath's stamina while preserving his fragile limbs.

In truth, Namath is in tip-top shape for a 34-year-old on his legs. He reported to camp at a svelte 187 pounds and has gained only half a pound since. His arm seems as quick and strong as ever as he zings his passes with authority. For all of his specialness, he seems also to have won the confidence, even the affection, of his fellow players. "Joe Namath," says Defensive End Fred Dwyer, "is a terrific guy."

He may be, but he will have to earn his way into the starting lineup. Ram Coach Chuck Knox will alternate Namath and Haden throughout the preseason games and not decide upon his starter until the week of the regular-season opener with Atlanta Sept. 18. Whoever finishes ahead will remain in office until injury or abject failure dislodges him, for Knox has no wish to perpetuate the Rams' sorry history of quarterback rivalry that began a generation ago with Bob Waterfield and Norm Van Brocklin and reached a nadir last season when Haden, James Harris and Ron Jaworski scrambled for the top spot.

Haden eventually won the competition and he is still officially first string, but he got there only after Knox and L.A. owner Carroll Rosenbloom were vilified as racists. Harris, one of the few black

quarterbacks in the professional game, has been dealt to San Diego, and Jaworski is now in Philadelphia, but the controversy still lingers in some circles. Harris, a kind of black hope at a position dominated by whites, was never given a real chance, his supporters insist, before Knox turned to the blond and blue-eyed Haden. Racism is no longer the issue, but Knox does not want an unsettled situation this year. "A repeat of last year's quarterback thing," says Dwyer, "is something this team cannot endure."

Certainly Haden has had his fill of it, even though in Namath he has a formidable rival who is his nearly exact opposite in most respects. Namath is hobbled, while Haden is nimble enough to scramble. Namath is 10 pounds lighter than usual; Haden, at a still-bantam 182, is 10 pounds heavier. Namath, the media darling, remains above the battle; Haden is among the most accessible of athletes. Namath has the Latin-lower look; Haden is the reincarnation of F. Scott Fitzgerald's Princeton hero, Hoby Baker, who in another time, among persons of different taste, would be the all-American boy. Joe Namath is the perfect bachelor; Haden is married.

Namath has a reputation as a braggadoocio, as reflected in the title of an early autobiography, *I Can't Wait Until Tomorrow 'Cause I Get Better Looking Every Day*. Haden, in collaboration with author Robert Blair Kaiser, also has a book on the shelves, *My Rookie Season with the Los Angeles Rams*. But Haden was so embarrassed by the amount of work Kaiser devoted to the project he suggested that Kaiser should receive most of the profits. Kaiser, who has collaborated with such towering egos as lawyer Melvin Belli, was flabbergasted by Haden's humility. He also refused to change their 50-50 agreement.

It is reasonable to assume that Namath will spend his off-hours in Beverly Hills' Polo Lounge or some such film colony watering hole; Haden may be found in a library. A graduate in English literature from USC, he will complete his Rhodes scholarship studies next June at Oxford, working in a field that involves philosophy, economics and politics.

The dual life of athlete-scholar favors Haden with rare perception. "Here in L.A. it's show business," he says. "At Oxford it is all intellectual. One part of my life is physically and emotionally stimulating. The other is mentally exciting.

Winning the Rhodes was the best thing that's happened to me. I know now there are lots of things to experience, lots of people to see. I want to do it all. Oxford is not like an ordinary university. It's very different from going to USC, where there were serious students, of course, but where a lot of people were there just to have fun or, yes, to play football. At Oxford everyone is very serious about getting an education."

For all of his own seriousness about getting an education, Haden, who is 10 years Namath's junior, is equally intent upon being the Rams' starting quarterback. He was enjoying himself playing on the Oxford croquet team when he learned Namath had been signed. "Before I left for England I was told that anybody they brought in would have to beat me out," he says. "I thought to myself that I'd rather have Joe Namath here than a lot of other people. I knew I could learn from him, and I also knew that he wouldn't be playing forever. All I can do this year is prepare myself, pick up my rifle, so to speak, and keep marching. I know I'm a better quarterback than I was last year, so I'm just going to play like hell. So will he. If he beats me out fair and square, I'm not going to groan and complain."

"I've got a lot of football ahead of me. It's not as if I had led the Rams to five Super Bowls or anything. I had a very average season last year, nothing spectacular. But playing quarterback on this team is comparatively easy. You don't have to score 35 points a game with our defense. And we can run the ball. Football is not that tough a game. I don't subscribe to the theory that it takes five years to make a quarterback in the NFL. The hardest thing is handling the pressure, and I've had some of that."

Namath may have one considerable advantage over his young rival in that he is an acknowledged field tactician—and Knox has announced that he will experiment with having his quarterbacks call their own plays this year. At least during the preseason. Since John Haddad departed three years ago, all Ram plays have been sent in from the sidelines, either by messenger or by wigwag, systems that have proved successful enough—four straight division titles and a 44-11-1 record—but that have also been a bit dispiriting for the signal-callers and even some of the other players.

"I think maybe what's been missing



Calling his own plays for a change, No. 1 Quarterback Pat Haden threw a 36-yard touchdown pass to WRs Miller but the Rams still lost to the Vikings 22-17

on this team," says Dryer, "is the spontaneity, the freedom of the quarterback to make his own mistakes. When he calls a play and it's successful, the whole team is picked up. This is what Joe Namath has been famous for—literally drawing plays in the dirt. Enough has been done to depersonalize football; this is still a sandlot game at heart."

"I know that if I played quarterback, I'd want to call the plays," says Ron Jessie, the Rams' acrobatic wide receiver. "Figuring out a defense, pulling something off, that's leadership. And that's important to a quarterback. Stepping into that huddle with authority and emotion, making crucial decisions in the heat of battle, doing something unusual, being the master of your own strategy. Take all that away from a quarterback and you put him at a mental disadvantage."

Until last Saturday, Haden had not been free to call his own game since his brief experience with the World Football League's Southern California Sun two years ago. The third quarterback, rookie Vince Ferragamo, had never called his own plays—not in high school, not at the University of California, where he first played college football, and not

at Nebraska, where he finished his undergraduate career. Namath, meanwhile, had pretty much run his own show in his 12 years with the Jets.

But a preseason game, particularly an opener, is not a proper showcase for tactical genius. Against the Vikings, Namath was instructed to give the ball whenever feasible to his untested running backs, rookie Wendell Tyler from UCLA and second-year man Jim Joda. Both responded with fine games, Joda leading all rushers with 65 yards, but the premeditated strategy robbed Namath of much of his initiative. Ferragamo, playing in only the fourth quarter, called every play but one, Rod Phillips' seven-yard touchdown run off tackle, a play sent in by messenger. But because Ferragamo was unaccustomed to the freedom he had been granted, he was not offended by this minor usurpation of authority.

Haden had the most freedom of choice, but he was operating with only a few plays and finished his half calling a fairly conservative game. He was also disappointed with himself. "I gave them an easy seven points with a bad handoff [which resulted in a John Cappelletti fumble and a quick Viking score] and I

threw a bad pass for an interception." But Haden also led all passers, completing six of 12 for 104 yards.

For Minnesota, Fran Tarkenton, that other aging quarterback, played only the first quarter but led the Vikings to a 16-0 lead. The Rams rallied to go ahead 17-16, but just when they seemed to have the game won, the Vikings went to the kick-blocking tactics that had destroyed Los Angeles in last season's NFC title game. With only 1:27 to play, Nate Allen cruised in and blocked Gerrod Vaughn's punt, scooped up the ball and ran it back 23 yards for a touchdown, giving Minnesota its 22-17 win.

After the game Namath was humble in a wry sort of way. He rolled his eyes when he caught sight of the newsmen swarming about his locker, but he endured the questioning with mostly good humor. When an especially friendly reporter asked him if he had found a place to live yet in the Los Angeles area, Namath, hurrying toward the showers, replied, "No." Then, smiling, he added, "I've gotta make the team first."

That, of course, is precisely what Rams fans expect of him—to make their team first. First in all of the NFL. **END**

DOUBLE-TEAMING THE TALLADEGA JINX

When Donnie Allison couldn't take the heat at Alabama International Motor Speedway, Darrell Waltrip jumped in Allison's car and drove it to Victory Lane

by Sam Moses

There is something in stock car racing called the Talladega Jinx. In the nine-year history of the Alabama International Motor Speedway in Talladega, it has struck untold times. It is particularly rough on those who win the Talladega 500. Before Sunday, there had been eight Talladega 500s and eight different winners.

Now make that nine. Or maybe even 10. For sure, the race was won by Donnie Allison's Chevrolet. But the jinx couldn't even wait for him to get to the winner's circle. With only 24 of 188 laps remaining, Allison had to turn his car over to Darrell Waltrip, whose engine had blown earlier in the race, and it was

Waltrip who took the checkered flag. Allison had chugged half a bottle of cold Coca-Cola during an earlier pit stop and nearly passed out after he returned to the track. The temperature outside the car was 96°, but Allison described the heat inside as "about two shades cooler than Hell."

Talladega is a tri-oval, like Daytona, but at 2.66 miles, slightly longer. Its 33-degree banked turns are two degrees steeper than Daytona's and have made it the fastest track in the world. It was there in 1975 that the late Mark Donohue drove a Porsche 917M to the closed-course speed record of 221.160 mph. The Grand National stock cars regularly run 190-mph laps and hit 210 on the backstretch. When the track was built in 1969, there was talk of a phenomenon dubbed the "pogo effect"—it might more accurately have been called the "centrifuge effect." The symptoms were dizziness and blurred vision, supposedly caused by driving around and around that steep banking at those speeds.

Paradoxically, few drivers now contend that Talladega is difficult. Richard Petty says, "It's relatively easy to go wide open all alone. But never lifting off the gas when you're by yourself is one thing,

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN IACONO



never lifting when there's traffic out there is another." Waltrip, who also won the Winston 500 held there in May, says, "I could take anyone and get them running around the track at 180 in one afternoon. But the place is so mammoth you don't realize you're running 200. You get lulled to sleep, and the next thing you know you get careless and get bit. The first three years I drove here those speeds did scare me, but now I can drive this thing sideways at 200."

"If anybody says he loves 200, he's pumpin' wind," says Benny Parsons, who was the fastest qualifier at 192.684 mph. "I ain't overthilled at these speeds. It gets a little shaky out there and I'll be the first to admit it."

Parsons knows something about getting shaky out there. After 63 lead changes in the May race, he and Cale Yarborough bounced off each other a few times coming down the homestretch in a futile attempt to slingshot the leading Waltrip. "The way to win here is to keep playing with the leader, setting him up for that last lap," says Yarborough.

"Leading the last lap and looking in your mirror at Talladega is like watching *Suspense Theatre*," says Waltrip. "You know the monster's gonna eat the hero, but you don't know exactly when."

On the first day of practice, more anecdotes were added to the continuing NASCAR saga called *Cheatin'*, or, as its Competition Director Bill Gazaway would have it, *Fudgins'*, or, as Petty would have it, *Jes' Tryin' to Get an Edge*. At the most recent NASCAR race, the Pocono 500 won by Parsons, it seemed to Gazaway that some of the cars were getting awfully good gas mileage. So at Talladega he pulled a surprise inspection and found no fewer than five fuel cells with larger capacities than the legal 22 gallons; the culprits included defending national champion Yarborough, Waltrip, Allison, Buddy Baker and Sam Sommers.

All five drivers were fined \$200 for using the ingenious devices, which looked exactly like legal tanks but were actually expandable, like accordions. When gas was added they would stretch to hold as much as an additional 5.8 gallons. "I guess Gazaway got suspicious when he saw some of those cars runnin'

a 500-mile race without a stop for gas," cracked Waltrip.

Two of the five cars caught at Talladega had been built by David Ifft, Sommers' 27-year-old crew chief. Ifft had quit Waltrip's team two days after winning the May race, his fifth time in Victory Circle at Talladega. So he had built Waltrip's car as well as Sommers' fuel cell. "If I'm going to get caught cheating, I want to get credit for it," said Ifft.

Sommers, a rookie, had raised eyebrows by qualifying third fastest, after Parsons and Donnie Allison. The night before qualifying, Ifft had slept fitfully, scheming in his semi-sleep how to squeeze an extra ounce of speed out of Sommers' Chevy—by the book or otherwise. "He shouted out once and woke up in a sweat," said his roommate, crew member Lou LaRosa. "He told me he was having this nightmare Gazaway was going over Sam's car with a fine-tooth comb, and David was behind the fence watching, locked out of the pits."

More than just bogus gas tanks turned up at Talladega: When Bobby Allison, Donnie's brother, appeared with a new, unapproved aerodynamic nose on his Matador, Gazaway took one look and promptly sent Allison back home to nearby Hueytown to put the old nose back on. Petty, among others, showed up with a heavily tinted windshield on his car. It was the result of an adhesive coating material that prevents cracking, but it gave Petty's long Dodge a malevolent look—the physical translation of the expression "mean machine." Petty liked the windshield, but some of the drivers who drafted him did not. They thought it dangerous because they couldn't peer through Petty's car to the track ahead when they were on his tail. "I think that's why he likes it," said Ricky Rudd, a 20-year-old rookie and a quick learner.

The 10 fastest qualifiers were Chevrolets, including Donnie Allison's, Waltrip's, and Yarborough's, while some of the non-GM favorites had engine troubles. Among these were Bobby Allison (18th in the 40-car field), David Pearson (21st) and Baker (23rd). Top qualifier among the non-Chevys was Petty, 11th at 188.664 mph. That was slightly slower than Janet Guthrie, who had qualified at 189.391 and also had broken her own closed-course women's record of 188.957, set at Indianapolis.

Guthrie's engine blew to bits late in the race, bringing out a yellow flag. When the racing resumed with 40 laps remaining, it was a sprint to the finish. With hot-shoes like Parsons and Pearson and Sommers out with blown engines, and Petty chugging around with a burned valve, four drivers were drafting each other for the lead: Donnie Allison, Baker, Skip Manning and Yarborough.

One way or another, the jinx got all of them: Allison got faint, Baker was slowed by an overheating engine in his Ford and finished sixth; Yarborough got stuck in fourth gear and lost the draft, although he managed to finish second and now leads Petty by a slim margin in defense of his NASCAR championship.

The jinx hit 1976 Rookie of the Year Manning the hardest. Manning, running the race of his life, blew an oil cooler with three laps remaining while he was dueling Waltrip for the lead. The smoke brought out the yellow flag, and it stayed out until the checkered fell as Manning cruised around with a white cloud billowing behind his Chevy to finish third.

About the only man to avoid the clutch of the jinx was fourth-place finisher Rudd, but he only missed by the skin of his teeth. On his last practice lap Saturday afternoon, he blew his only engine. Sunday morning he bought Waltrip's backup engine—one that Rudd reckons had 30 more horsepower than his own—and his crew installed it just in time to start the race. With his impressive finish, Rudd now leads the race for Rookie of the Year, which is worth about \$40,000.

So the jinx missed him. But he's still fresh blood; it was only his second 500. There is plenty of time. **END**

Waltrip ran to the rescue, then rode to the win



Allison was steaming inside, even as his Chevy kept burning up Talladega's high-banked turns



Calvin Murphy may be able to do tricks with a basketball, but everything went wrong that could to the Houston Rockets guard at the national baton-twirling championship as 12-year-old Marci Papadopoulos stole the show **by Curry Kirkpatrick**

CALVIN DISCOVERS MURPHY'S LAW

Surrounded by no more than several zillion rhinestone tiaras, spangled tights and dazzling buttons proclaiming "Reach For It," Calvin Murphy returned to big-time baton twirling last week. The pro basketball player brought the three major television networks, the two major wire services and unaccustomed media attention to the United States Twirling Association's national championships. Then he got absolutely wiped out. "I embarrassed myself," he said. And he went home.

That left it to the veteran twirlers to save the show. So Marci Papadopoulos, 12, an almond-eyed junior high school beauty from Fremont, Calif. who is of Japanese-Greek descent, became twirling's reigning star. Marci won two grand national titles, was runner-up for two others and earned stomping, whistling ovations while performing all four of her exhausting routines without dropping the baton once. This accomplishment was considered amazing by the nearly 5,000 mostly young, mostly female contestants

in the six-day championships at Denver. As Murphy himself said, in the vernacular of the National Basketball Association, "Marci, she real bad."

For those of you who missed it because the TV and wire service guys and gals took off as soon as the downcast Murphy left town, it should be pointed out that baton twirling is a blood-and-guts sport these days, demanding as it does quickness, strength, reflexes, courage, composure and durability, not to mention willingness to get yourself smashed in the face a lot by a flying steel stick during long hours of practice.

In other words, baton twirling is not a tubby majorette prancing in a parade in white vinyl boots. Baton twirling is not a half-time show. "This ain't no yo yo tournament," said one spectator.

Before Marci duplicated her feat of last year by winning her age group in all five categories—dance twirl, solo, strut, two-baton and three-baton—and by then winning divisional titles in four of those five, the USTA grand nationals belonged

to Murphy. The 5' 9" Houston Rockets guard has been carving a multi-level reputation in the NBA for seven years while progressing from being the consummate little man to the high-scoring little man to the consummate high-scoring little man who beats up on bullying big men with his flashing fists. In the world of baton twirling, however, Murphy has always been big.

As a Norwalk, Conn. schoolboy twirler, he was state champion for three years. Then he went off to Niagara University and twirled at halftimes of Buffalo Bills football games. While becoming a back-court fixture for the Rockets, Murphy continued to keep his hand in twirling by teaching it in the black sections of Houston.

After the NBA playoffs last spring, Murphy's pupils urged him to get back into competitive twirling. "Wanting to see what I had left," he put together a routine with the help of Frances Winkle, an instructor from Corpus Christi, and began practicing six hours a day in

preparation for the nationals. Murphy won the Texas state tournament easily, and upon arriving in Denver he was engulfed by most of the young twirlers.

"I went over to watch Calvin practice," said Debbie Rolph, the current International Twirler of the Year, "but all he could do was sign autographs and talk to his fans. He never got time to twirl."

Murphy knew he was in for some hard times in the competition. "I've sacrificed for this and I'll be disappointed if I lose," he said. "But my experience is in show twirling. I do tricks and get the audience psyched up. Competition involves intricate body moves and mechanical technique. I've grown too strong in the shoulders to control the baton on my rolls. The thing bounces off me. The only way I can win here is to wow the judges with my style."

Twirling is judged on a 10-point system, five for content (variety and difficulty) and five for execution (speed, smoothness and showmanship) during a two-minute routine. Most of the USTA events are for twirlers 21 and under, but a few years ago the association added a division for adults, paving the way for Murphy and others.

Most everybody agreed it was wonderful of Calvin to lend his name and presence to the nationals, but the aficionados gave him no chance to defeat Michael Tagg, a 23-year-old twirling instructor from Chicago and a former University of Arizona drum major.

"Calvin does everything wrong," said twirling's foremost teacher, Brooks Going, who won the men's competition last year at age 40. "He twirls backwards counterclockwise. Both feet go up in the air funny on his leaps. He has terrible body work. With formal training, he might have been sensational. But, really, he's a klutz."

Doing his routine in the glare of special TV lights and in the blast of rock concert-type screeching, Murphy hardly seemed a klutz. But he made some terrible gaffes that gave him no chance to outpoint either Tagg or John Chamberlain, another instructor. Murphy dropped his initial high toss, then he flipped his baton nearly to the judges' table before retrieving it. Losing his concentration and seemingly going one-on-one against his own twirls, Murphy lost control of the routine and had three more drops before he settled down to do his "California bounce" trick and two kick-and-catch

numbers, one calling for him to race several yards sideways to grab the baton. If not skillful twirling, it was heavy vaudeville. Murphy finished with distinction, hurling the baton halfway to Aspen and catching it behind his back.

Angry with himself, Murphy then made a fine backdoor move, rushing out of the building and refusing to show up for the awards presentation. The next day he said, "It felt like a giant man named Pressure came along and threw me to the ground. I had everything on my mind but twirling. I can't let this be. If only for my pride. I may come back next year. I still think I'm the best man out there."

The best tot was Crystal Carter, 6, who won strut and solo in the under-8-year-old division. Said her mother Susie, "I put both my daughters into competition before they were 2. Back then they took some knocks from those 6-year-olds, but they've got the edge now. If we're gonna do it, we're gonna do it right."

In versatility and endurance, Marci Papadopoulos had the edge on everybody. A lithe and glowing seventh-grader at Thornton Junior High, Marci has been winning national titles in her age group since she was 5. Her father, Mike, and her mother, the former Maxine Furukie, who says she has been twirling and teaching twirling "forever," operate a nursery and florist shop where Marci helps with the arrangements.

At Denver the only divisional event Papadopoulos failed to win was dance twirl. But her friend, 14-year-old Anita Villarreal from the Fresno Firebirds baton corps, took that title and won the grand prize, too.

In Thursday night's grand finals the Papadopoulos family conceded two-baton and three-baton to the collegiate-division winners, Valerie Ludwick and Debbie Rolph, respectively, both from Richland, Wash. But Rolph made three drops (to Marci's none) and had to rely on her higher degree of difficulty to win the three-baton championship.

Solo and strut, however, were all Marci's. In the first event she performed a near-perfect routine that earned an exceedingly rare 9.9 score from one of the seven judges. While Marci's family and her instructor, Chet Jones, were rejoicing, however, a virtually unknown 10-year-old named Donna Landsome executed some immaculate rolls to rate a high score, too. Indeed, Marci needed every bit of her amazing score in the solo;

she beat the precocious Landsome by just one-tenth of a point.

The final strut was not that close. This time Marci marched in as if she were leading a brass band—which she sometimes does at San Francisco 49er games—and proceeded to give another error-free exhibition. She received nine-plus scores across the board and won, as usual, goggling.

Marci's best friend, Shelly Sans, didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "With all the trophies, Shelly doesn't think we'll have room for her in the car," said Mrs. Papadopoulos.

SHO



Murphy dropped the baton four times during his performance but Marci never missed while winning the championships in the solo and the strut.



CARE TO JOIN OUR LITTLE OLD GAME?



If so, some sharks in Las Vegas would have welcomed you and your wallet
by Edwin Shraike

Using money as the measure of size, they played the biggest golf tournament in the world in Las Vegas last week. You could take the purses from a dozen Greater Open Classics and still be barely within range of the amount of cash that 58 guys seed up for in the third Professional Gamblers Invitational at the Sahara Nevada Country Club.

The players bet each other more than \$2 million during the three-day tournament. Nobody is quite sure who the winner was. A bookmaker from St. Louis came out well over \$100,000 ahead, but he didn't win all his matches. The only one who did was Don Keller, who owns some drive-in cafés around Dallas. Keller is built like a monster squish and carries in his mouth a cigar that looks like an exhaust pipe. He couldn't break 90 if he had the only pencil on the course. But the way the PGI is handicapped, it is heart and luck that count, and Keller bounced his grounders onto enough greens to win the trophy—if there was one. "I think we ought to give Keller a pistol and a ski mask so he doesn't have to come all the way out here to rob people," said Jack Binion, who organized the tournament, made the matches and in his own wagers got "drown-ded," as the gamblers say.

Several of the country's king poker players were in the tournament. In fact Doyle Brunson, who won the World Series of Poker the last two years at Binion's Horseshoe Casino in downtown Las Vegas, not only inspired Jack Binion to start the PGI, but he also was one of its attractions to the other players.

Since early May, when he picked up \$340,000 at the poker tournament, Brunson has lost enough money playing golf

Pug Pearson brings the essential qualification for entry into the Professional Gamblers Invitational

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MANNY MILLAN

to pay the electric bill for a medium-sized nation. Nobody is supposed to have as much cash money as Doyle is said to have lost on the golf course in the last 2½ months. Brunson is a very high player who has the reputation of never flinching from a bet on the golf course or at the poker table. He has won millions at poker in games with the other king players and all challengers in Las Vegas, which is where you have to win at poker to be a king player.

But Brunson is what he calls "a bona fide golf dengerarate." He is preparing a book, which he will publish himself, with the title *How to Win \$1,000,000 Playing Poker*. "I may do a sequel called *How to Lose \$1,000,000 Playing Golf*," Doyle said the night before the PGI began. He was eating watermelon in the Sombrero Room at Binion's Horseshoe. The next morning he was to play Butch Holmes, a commodities broker from Houston. The match had been rated even by Jack Binion, whose decision in such matters for the PGI is supreme. Doyle thought he ought to get a stroke.

The entry fee to play in the PGI was \$1,900. That was broken into three \$600 Nassaus on the three days of the tournament, plus \$100 for carts and greens fees. Binion thinks of the \$600 Nassaus as just a way to say hello to the person you are matched with. If you're not willing to go for a lot more action than that, you will not be invited to return.

"Action don't mean the same to Doyle as it does to most people," says Pug Pearson, himself a former winner of the poker world series. "I asked Doyle one day if he was going out to sweat some players, and he said, 'Now, there wasn't enough action.' Doyle had \$70,000 bet on the deal."

So when Brunson is losing at golf, there is blood in the water. Some of the sharks who came to Las Vegas for the PGI will stay and play golf with Doyle the rest of the summer. The only reason the gamblers quit playing golf in the fall in Las Vegas is that betting on football requires much time for study.

"My goodness, they go crazy over football," says Louise Brunson, Doyle's wife.



Unofficial winner Don Keller gets something less than full extension on his backswing, while Doyle Brunson golf nut dispenses with his poker face

Louise is a pretty woman with a quick smile. Like the wives of several other king poker players, Louise is very active in Christian work. She sends Bibles to Taiwan and cassettes of Christian testimony to folks in prison. Before they got married, Doyle promised Louise he would give up gambling. Then Doyle was operated on for a melanoma and given four months to live, at the outside. Louise was working as a pharmacist. She was five months pregnant and prayed Doyle would live long enough to see the baby. Doyle got up and started raising every bet, and the cancer went away.

"The doctors at M. D. Anderson Institute said it was a miracle," Louise says. "Everybody thought Doyle was as good as dead. One day when he came home between hospitals to make out his will, more than 200 people showed up at the house to tell Doyle goodbye. But the Lord lifted

continued





Vaseline cured hooks and slices. Amantio Slim and Sailor Roberts took their action lying down.



Doyle out of that bed. I know the Lord has got some kind of a plan for Doyle.

"On holidays like Thanksgiving or Christmas I always cook a big, huge meal because I know Doyle will bring home a bunch of his friends who have no place to go. Last year I was in the kitchen fixing a turkey and country ham with red-eye gravy, and Doyle and his friends were in the den watching the football game on TV. I heard Doyle say he had \$60,000 bet on the game. Can you imagine that? All I could think of was how many hours I would have had to work in that drugstore to clear \$60,000. Doyle lost the bet. His friends lost, too. They were kind of sullen at dinner. That's about the only way I can ever tell if Doyle is winning or losing."

There is no such thing as an obscure golf pro coloring his hair and changing his name and arriving in Las Vegas—or in Fort Worth, or Mobile, or other towns where the king gamblers play golf—to lift Doyle Brunson's bankroll. You check them out. Too much is at stake to let a thief in the game. A couple of weeks ago, Doyle was driving his golf cart down a fairway and reading the bets he had writ-

ten on a paper place mat from a coffee shop. Doyle added up the numbers and felt an ice machine go off in his chest. It turned out he had bet \$276,000 on that particular round of golf. "That is enough money to make you think about what you are doing," Doyle says. "You're not just playing for numbers on a big scoreboard. This is real money out of your pocket if you lose. I'd like to see Jack Nicklaus, sometime, with a six-foot putt that if he misses he's got to go in the clubhouse and peel off \$50,000."

"We don't bar golf hustlers from our PGI tournaments," Jack Binion says. "Most of the guys in our tournaments are golf hustlers, on some scale. But I try to handicap them so if they play their regular game, they've got an even match. Guys I don't know so well, I make some phone calls. Golf handicaps have always been a swindle. Suppose you play to an eight at Olympic in Seattle. That might be a three here. Who knows? But if you know the guys, you'll know Doyle Brunson and Butch Holmes will both shoot 78 to 81 on this course, day in and day out, and they ought to be an even match."

Binion got the idea for the PGI while playing golf in Fort Worth with Doyle, Pug Pearson, Sailor Roberts and other friends who have since persuaded Jack to retire from the game for a while. Binion's last game of golf cost him \$11,000. But he thought high-playing golfers around the country should learn about each other. There are guys who shoot 105 but are willing to bet \$6,000 per hole if the match is fair. The rules of the PGI allow players who shoot 100 or so to tee up the ball anywhere they please, including sand traps. The 90-shooters can roll the ball around to improve a lie. The 80-shooters are supposed to play it as it is. Stamping down the line of a putt is permitted. You can tote as many clubs as you wish. Doyle Brunson carries four putters. Also, you can use grease.

Johnny Moss, the famous poker player and golf gambler who is now in his early 70s and runs the poker room at the Dunes, recalls using grease from time to time in big games with Titanic Thompson. Brunson says he first learned about grease 12 years ago from a jeweler in Arlington, Texas. Pearson says he learned about it from Doyle. Mostly they use grease in Texas and in Las Vegas. Many a sucker has seen grease used in Florida or California or New York without realizing it.

continued

THE SEAGRAM'S GIN AND TONIC SECRET.

Use ice cubes made of tonic water.
Then add Seagram's Gin
and your usual amount of tonic.

Seagram's. The Perfect Martini Gin. Perfect all ways.



**How come
I enjoy smoking
and you don't?**

Salem's why. Great taste. Fresh menthol.
Switch to Salem for enjoyment.

Salem King & Salem 100's.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

KING, 100's: 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76.

Any sort of grease will do, although Vaseline is the most popular. What you do is smear grease on the club face before a shot. The grease cuts the spin off the ball. The ball is thus inclined neither to hook nor to slice, and it flies farther. At the PGI you might hear a player wondering whether to hit a dry three-iron or a wet five-iron. Of course the use of grease is against USGA rules. "But you've got to use grease if the other guys are using it," says Dolph Arnold, who is Butch Holmes' partner in the commodities business and something of a king poker player in Houston, which is close to big league.

"Some people say the grease is psychological," says Jack Strauss, a gambler of note. "Well, the people who say that must not have tried it. Grease puts 10 to 20 extra yards on a shot. If you happen to be playing somewhere grease is not familiar, they'll look at you funny if they catch you doing it. I told some people one time I was putting on the grease to keep my clubs from rusting. It hadn't rained there in two years."

The players at the PGI were king gamblers, bookmakers, ranchers, pizza-chain owners, restaurateurs, car dealers, accountants, brokers and whatnot. They shared the love of gambling. Some were better at it than others. They all knew where their choking price was. If prodded, most of them would admit to a suspicion of superiority over the ordinary golf pro. The feeling is that the pros don't play for enough real money to be able to tell how much heart they've got.

One day last week Jack Strauss made a side bet of \$600 to \$100 that he would beat Red Whitehead of Dallas on at least one hole. Red can play about twice as good as Jack. "I've never paid off on that bet in my life and I've given it to better players than Red," Jack said. He then birdied the first hole. Where he'd made a nine the day before, and beat Red's par.

On the opening afternoon of the PGI, Bobby Baldwin from Tulsa hit his drive at the 18th in high grass behind a tree near a fence. Whatever other bets he may have had, Baldwin was losing \$9,000 to Brunson and he had pressed. In the opinion of Jack Bimon, Baldwin is already a king poker player and is on his way to becoming the premier poker player. Brunson is the premier poker player right now in no-limit games. Baldwin is thin, has curly hair and wears glasses. Brunson calls him Owl.

continued

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MAN TO MAN

by John Weitz

Style tips from the internationally famous mens fashion authority and designer of Capitán cigars.

How to underpack for a trip and get away with it.

A sense of style is important in everything you do. Capitán cigar smokers know that.

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When you pack for trips, do it with style, too. Decide to underpack. And still look good. Here's how: two-day weekend or business trip, wear a blazer and slacks. In a zipper bag, pack a suit.

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GAMBLERS GOLF continued

"How come you call him Owl?" asked Amarillo Slim Presdon on the 18th tee. Slim was riding around the course in a cart checking his bets. On one match Slim said he was betting a Cadillac a hole. A \$9,500 Cadillac, he said. "Don't he look like an owl to you?" Brunson said. "Now, an owl is a wise old bird," said Slim.

"I thought I was wise until I got into this one," Baldwin said.

The 18th is a par 5. Doyle was at the front edge of the green in two. Baldwin thrashed his ball out from under the tree. He was now in the fairway 190 yards from the green in two. If he lost the hole, he would be out \$18,000 to Brunson. The day was lemon-colored. It was 117°, a record for the date in Las Vegas. The carts of the bet sweaters were drawn up around the green, which is guarded by sand traps and water. Baldwin does not have the training to deal with that situation in golf. He pulled out a four-iron and hit the ball five feet from the pin and saved his money with a birdie putt.

"Some guys can roar like a forest fire back in their hometown," Amarillo Slim said, "but out here with real big money up, so much dog comes out in 'em that they could catch every possum in Louisiana. Those would be the guys that grew up scraping and hustling and playing for every cent they had every day."

Slim doesn't play golf. But last year at the PGI he won \$5,000 in a footrace with a football player. They meet from Jack Binion's tee shot to the green. Slim also won a bet from Leon Crump, who, Slim says, is the best good golfer in the world for money. Crump bet he could drive a golf ball over the top of the Hilton Hotel. He hit the eighth floor.

Brunson had some bad news in his match on the second day of last week's PGI that made Baldwin's birdie disappear from mind. Sam Simms from Nashville was five under par on the back nine. Simms was matched against Brunson, and the betting had been heavy.

"You might as well go back to Nashville, because that five under par of yours ain't getting you no more action here," Doyle said.

"The only time I'm out of action is when I'm out of money," Simms said. "It's music to a gambler's ears, the sound of suckers crying. Good thing this ain't 50 years ago. I know what you'd have done to me then."

"Damn right," Brunson said. **END**

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B-26

IT'S VENI, VIDI, VICI FOR VITAS

Hail Vitas Gerulaitis, winner in Rome, semifinalist at Wimbledon, who some say will rule at Forest Hills. Et tu?

by BARRY McDERMOTT

It is 3 a.m. but Manhattan still glitters for Vitas Gerulaitis. Gerulaitis has made his way to West 54th Street—at the moment lined with double-parked limousines whose bored chauffeurs sprawl against gleaming fenders or stand in small groups outside the current In discotheque. Studio 54 is a "members only" refuge for the arbiters of fashion and the brokers of power, and it is left to the doorman to pick out those eligible for entry.

Gerulaitis is not a member, but he is quickly ushered in by owner Steve Rubell, who recognizes him for who he is—the world's ninth-ranked male tennis player and a young man at ease in elegant surroundings. As the people on the sidewalk watch Gerulaitis enter, they show no sign of resentment, suggesting they agree with Groucho Marx, who once said he never wanted to join a club that would have him as a member.

Inside, pulsating music makes small hairs stand up and the body tingle—also, ears ache. Gerulaitis, whose curly blond hair rumbles below his shoulders, is dressed in smooth velvet pants and a designer's idea of an army fatigue shirt, with a long, white silk scarf draped around his neck and knotted at the chest. Above him, banks of lights flicker wildly, as do cones of bulbs reaching from floor to ceiling. Every so often a new backdrop descends—a pyramid, a mountain, a moon-scape. Each dazzling image is greeted with applause by the roiling crowd. When simulated snow begins to fall, a roar goes up. In the midst of the spectacle is Gerulaitis, smiling, laughing, rev-





eling in it all. It is 2 a.m. on a Sunday in May. The previous afternoon Gerulaitis had been in Dallas and tomorrow he will fly to Rome, where he will win the Italian Open. But tonight he will dance.

The music never stops playing for Vitas Gerulaitis, a man who reads menus in a dozen languages and whose partying knows no 200-mile limit. This year he will earn close to half a million dollars playing tennis and will spend every penny of it. "If a rainy day comes, I don't have an umbrella," he admits. He does, however, have a \$250,000 home on Long Island with a tennis court, a sauna and a swimming pool in the shape of a tennis racket. He buys his clothes in Paris and Rio, owns \$165,000 worth of automobiles and is angling for a modeling contract. Last winter he dated Chris Evert discreetly, and friends like actress Jennifer O'Neill find him wry and engaging. Andy Warhol is doing his portrait. "I just want always to be invited to the parties," he says. Gerulaitis is 23 years old.

Right now Jimmy Connors is the best tennis player in the U.S. Brian Gottfried, Dick Stockton or Eddie Dibbs might be next best. So might Gerulaitis. In the past few months he has beaten Ilie Nastase, Manuel Orantes, Adriano Panatta, Harold Solomon and Jan Kodes. He won the Ocean City, Md. indoor tournament, and with Panatta as his partner, was second in the World Championship Tennis doubles tournament. He played Bjorn Borg in the semifinals at Wimbledon, losing in an epic five-set struggle that even people with long memories say may well have been the best in Wimbledon history. That match elevated Gerulaitis to new heights and it seemed somehow fitting that his opponent was Borg, whom he closely resembles. Once they merely looked alike; now Vitas is beginning to play tennis at Bjorn's level, too. Gerulaitis is hot and on his way up, but then he always has been able to accomplish almost anything he wanted. Five years ago he was only the sixth-ranked junior player in the U.S. But he is named after Vytautas, a 15th-century Lithuanian king, and the let balls always seem to fall right for him.

His memorable match with Borg at Wimbledon proved Gerulaitis is crowding the world's best

Gerulaitis is sprawled on a disheveled motel-room bed in Dallas. He is there for the annual eight-man WCT championships, having finished second in four of his last five WCT tournaments. He is on the phone telling a friend how this girl he knows had wanted to see him the night before. He had begged off by saying he was not feeling well, whereupon she went to a party where press people flocked around her because the side of her dress was slit to the waist and, well, this morning everyone is calling Gerulaitis and asking the same question—because he is ill, will he withdraw from the tournament? "Can you believe it?" Gerulaitis shouts into the phone, laughing.

"You have to meet this guy," he says after hanging up. "He owns a disco and knows every girl in town. But don't play him backgammon. He's a hustler." Vitas has a scouting report on everybody.

Later, in the motel lobby, he stops and talks to a friend about a \$10,000 fine that the WCT slapped on him for skipping a tournament in Monte Carlo. "I just want an explanation from them," he says with a so-what grin. "I know I'm not going to get the money back. But I'd like a \$10,000 explanation."

Then he climbs into a Cadillac courtesy car with his name on the side. A local newspaper reporter is with him, exploring rumors that Gerulaitis is a bit of a ladies' man on the circuit. Gerulaitis scoffs at the very idea, assuring his questioner that on the road he spends all his time hanging out in motel lobbies playing electronic video games.

"What about girls?" the reporter persists.

"Everybody thinks there are a lot of girls around tennis players," says Gerulaitis. "It's not true. At least they're not hanging around me. I wish they were." But Gerulaitis can only carry this so far. He also tells the writer that he likes Dallas because it has, yes, pretty girls. Tomorrow, after the story appears, there will be a lot of intriguing messages waiting for him back at the motel.

At practice that day, Gerulaitis hits with Nastase, who is peevish because of a heavy attack of jet lag. Though they seem to be an unlikely pair—Gerulaitis' jauntness vs. Nastase's arrogance—the two are good friends. A few months be-

continued



Gerulaitis, whose tennis game will net him nearly half a million this year, poses with his four wheeled trophies: a brace of Rolls-Royces flanking a Mercedes

fore, they were sitting in a posh dining room at Cetromar Beach in Puerto Rico when Nastase offered to take off his trousers if Gerulaitis could down a tumbler full of tequila. Reveler though he is, Gerulaitis happens to be a non-drinker and he gagged on the tequila, tears streaming down his face. But he finished the drink. Nastase removed his trousers while his wife Dominique screamed in protest.

As they practice, Gerulaitis goes out of his way to humor Nastase, hitting to his strengths and calling shots in that might have been out. It is a source of some puzzlement to Nastase that, although he leads both Connors and Borg in career matches, he has never beaten Gerulaitis in five tries. Whatever the explanation for this, Vitas is only too happy to play the fool in practice. The fact is that Gerulaitis works at his tennis, practicing up to six hours a day, or until his leg muscles turn to pudding.

Gerulaitis was diligent even as a youngster. Born in Brooklyn and raised in Queens, he played his earliest tennis on teeming public courts. His father, Vitas Sr., fled Lithuania and the Russians in 1944 and five years later emigrated to the U.S. Young Vitas remembers working on the grounds crew at the tony West Side Tennis Club in Forest Hills and resenting the well-born members who

spent their days at the lesson courts and sipped lemonade on the patio.

"He was hungrier than the others," says Hy Zausner, owner of the Port Washington Tennis Academy where Gerulaitis later trained under Harry Hopman. "What he thought to be handicaps," says Hopman, "turned out to be assets." Hopman drilled his pupil with his celebrated zeal, forcing the boy to run after every ball, and the more the tutor asked, the more the punting Gerulaitis ran. At 16 he played in a match against the Columbia tennis team. As Hopman remembers it, the college boys swaggered onto the court against the Port Washington juniors, conjuring up visions for Gerulaitis of those privileged souls at Forest Hills. Gerulaitis beat the top-ranked Columbia player 6-0, 6-0. On days like that, Gerulaitis seemed like a caged animal suddenly set free, for he was not simply playing tennis, he was journeying from Kansas to the Land of Oz.

The young Gerulaitis could be brash, at times even impudent. As a junior in 1972, he was on an American team that accompanied Hopman to Australia for a tournament. There he engaged in histrionics worthy of his pal Nastase, pushing opponent Billy Martin in one match, storming petulantly off the court in another and counting 10 over a player who slid underneath the net while trying vain-

ly for a shot. Once, as a youngster, he found himself on the same court with Ken Rosewall, warming up the old pro before a match. During one rally, he could not resist the urge to hit a winner past the Australian when the opportunity presented itself. A moment later, a Rosewall shot knocked the racket out of Gerulaitis' hand. Each player gained the other's respect that day.

Gerulaitis, the old Columbia buster, wound up attending that school himself for a few months in 1971. After that cameo appearance he turned professional, and in 1974, his first full season on the circuit, he won \$70,000, bought a \$25,000 Lamborghini sports car and was signed by entrepreneur Bill Riordan, who called him the successor to Jimmy Connors. The next year he teamed with Sandy Mayer to win the doubles title at Wimbledon. He also was named the circuit's "most improved player" by *Tennis Magazine*, and moved up to fourth in the U.S. ratings. Suddenly, at cocktail parties, admirers started to gather around him.

The advent of World Team Tennis hastened Gerulaitis' maturation. Joining the Pittsburgh Triangles gave him a steady income, and his flair for theatrics was nicely suited to WTT, which encourages crowds to be demonstrative. His fan club called itself Vitas' G-Men. On his

21st birthday, he used the public-address system at a match to invite the crowd of 10,858 to a party at a nearby hotel. Hundreds came. In Pittsburgh he also renewed his acquaintance with Rosewall, who had become the team's player-coach. Rosewall worked with the youngster and tidied up some of his flaws. Today Gerulaitis has a two-year, \$250,000 contract with the WTT Indiana Loves.

For all his bravado off the court, Gerulaitis' playing style is far from audacious. At times his strokes seem defensive, but there are reasons for this. Vitas is quick enough—"like a mosquito," says his father—to play a waiting game, running down his opponents' shots until, exasperated, they commit fatal errors. Once his backhand was ineffectual but he has improved it, and now his only shortcoming is his serve, especially his second delivery. He has all the ingredients, everyone agrees, to reach the top.

Vitas Gerulaitis has come a long way. This he demonstrates with his haste to pick up checks, with his insistence on the best tables at the best restaurants, on the best cars and clothes and girls. He is now a member of the West Side Tennis Club, and when the U.S. Open is held there next month, he would like nothing better than to win the championship, toss the trophy into the backseat of one of his Rolls-Royces and drive off with a "tata" to the adoring multitudes.

Yet there is a puzzling aspect to all this. Fans in Indianapolis, for example, are confused by Gerulaitis' occasional lackluster performances for the Loves and his relatively lowly ranking of eighth in WTT's singles standings. The team's owner, Bill Bereman, explains, "People can't understand how Vitas can win the Italian Open and play such a superb match as he did against Borg at Wimbledon and then not win at World Team Tennis. They don't think he takes it seriously enough."

That seems a strange accusation to level at a player who sometimes practices six hours a day, but there may be some truth to it. Motivating himself for Wimbledon or Forest Hills is no problem, but the nagging question is whether Gerulaitis cares enough to be No. 1 day in and day out.

"I don't think I'd be any different if I were No. 1," Gerulaitis said at dinner one evening in Dallas. "My father raised me to share. Sometimes people take ad-

vantage of me, but I'm happy. I'd like to be No. 1—at least I think I would. I mean it's better to win three million or one million? To have four houses or two? Six cars or four?"

Earlier that evening Gerulaitis had won an opening-round match over Wojtek Fibak 1-6, 3-6, 6-0, 6-2, 6-3. It was close to midnight and an injured ankle was aching, but while Connors and the rest of the players were already back at the hotel, he ate pasta in the company of Texans with names like Billy Bob, pretty girls with sunken cheeks and Richard Weissman, a financier from New York who said things like, "I was at a 21 table with Lance Rentzel and Craig Morton in Las Vegas and I turned to this girl and said, 'Would you like to go to Russia tomorrow?' And then on the way home we stopped in Paris and the last time I saw her she was shopping in Gucci..."

Weissman was trying to set up a "Beauty and the Beast" mixed doubles match in which Nastase and Farrah Fawcett-Majors would play Gerulaitis and Jennifer O'Neill. Vitas' date for the evening was a model from Houston who, for one reason or another, seemed to tire of this conversation. When Weissman suggested that Vitas would have sufficient incentive to win the WCT tournament if the prize were a Rolls-Royce, she asked, a trifle sarcastically, "Oh, you like Rolls-Royces?"

"I have two of them," Vitas replied, neglecting to mention the Mercedes 450SL and the Porsche 914 he keeps around for rainy days.

Also on hand in Dallas was Vitas' 62-year-old father. The two have a lively relationship, one that Vitas compares to *Sinford and Son*—bickering endlessly yet lovingly. The elder Gerulaitis won the championship of Lithuania in 1938 and then took the Balkan championship in a grueling match that was played under a searing midday sun. Afterward, in the locker room, he collapsed with heat stroke. Someone asked what his prize was. "I won the title," he replied. Of his son he says, "If Vitas will listen to what I tell him about his strokes, no one will touch him. He is the fastest player on tennis court there is. He has the talent, but he doesn't put hard enough work in his life." Counters Vitas, "His philosophy is that if I spent 100 more hours on the court than Connors, I would be the better player, which is not necessarily true.

It's talent and no one knows if he has the talent to be No. 1. All you can do is try. It's no use arguing with him. I can't argue with him. That's why he doesn't travel with me more—because we get into violent discussions. It's just father and son. Even if I know that he is right, I still argue with him."

Gerulaitis has not forgotten his roots. "Vitas is not selfish or bigger than his shoes," says Hy Zausner. His mother, his father and his sister Ruta, who is also his teammate on the Indiana Loves, live with him in his new house on Long Island, and when he is in town he stops by Port Washington to rally with teen-agers at the academy. Recently he worked out briefly at Hopman's new tennis complex at the Bardonmoor Country Club in Largo, Fla., and his old mentor cheerfully noted that Gerulaitis still outkicked all the other students.

Hampered by his injured ankle, Gerulaitis was beaten in the semifinals of the Dallas tournament by Dick Stockton 6-7, 6-3, 7-6, 3-6, 3-6. Now it was hours later, getting on toward 3:30 a.m., and Vitas was zooming down an expressway at 90 mph when he noticed a police car, cherry light flashing, in his rearview mirror. He pulled over. The agitated patrolman said that not only was Gerulaitis speeding, but he also did not have his lights on and had made an illegal turn onto an entrance ramp. Amazingly, Vitas was let off with a warning. Weissman was in the car and he told Gerulaitis as they pulled away, "If that cop had been calling the lines tonight, you would have won."

In the motel parking lot, Vitas was greeted by a couple of girls who told him he had "the best legs in tennis." They also told him, "The party is in room 916." It was now after 4 a.m. and Gerulaitis was to meet Dibbs in a match for third place at 1 p.m. that same day. So he went to the party. As he strolled in, conversation stopped and all heads turned toward him. A pretty blonde deserted her companion and moved to Vitas' side. She soon had an arm draped languidly around his shoulder and her face upturned toward his. With an impish air, Gerulaitis began telling her about the incident with the highway patrolman. "... my lights off ... a wrong turn ... he let me go." "Oh, Vitas," she purred. "You're so wonderful." In the background, the music was playing.

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I'VE GOT YOU UNDER MY SKIN

Fleas have been putting the bite on man and beast for millennia, and even in this modern age of sophisticated pesticides, not much can be done about it

by **BIL GILBERT**

During the past three decades our family has given bed and board to black bears, coatimundis, raccoons, squirrels, skunks, foxes, ferrets, woodchucks, spider monkeys, marmosets, mice, rats, guinea pigs, and more dogs and cats than anyone should remember. These creatures had one thing in common—fleas. In theory it is possible to have pets and not have fleas, but long experience indicates otherwise. There must be trillions of fleas hopping about the world. An entomologist once estimated there were 500,000 in a pippen he was observing. This says a lot about fleas and the enthusiasms of entomologists.

Whatever their numbers, there are enough fleas to distract every warm-blooded nest-building animal in the world. (Most pettable creatures are nest builders or descended from nest builders. If your choice in animal companions runs to sheep, elephant seals, horses or ostriches, you should not be troubled by fleas.)

Despite the infinity of fleas, a good many people who keep pets are loud in claiming that none of their charges ever have or will have them. They are like parents claiming that their children do not have cavities or watch trashy TV. It seems that having fleas, like having crabgrass or ring-around-the-collar, is a sure sign of moral turpitude. Only the slovenly are supposed to be plagued by these



insects. In practice, things are not so simple. Fending off fleas for any length of time requires not just ordinary orderliness but superhuman fastidiousness. Anyone who thinks that fleas only infest slobs is overrating human abilities and badly underrating those of fleas. Not only do these little beasts wildly outnumber all pets and pet owners but they also have developed sophisticated equipment and tricky moves.

All of which may serve as background for a domestic scene that occurred one brisk winter morning in our house in Fairfield, Pa. A cat having been heaved out the kitchen door for making tracks through the butter, the family's attention turned to a gravid golden retriever bitch

making a considerable racket under the table. She was vigorously scratching and snuffling at her flank. As she squirmed around she was noisily mulching the morning paper on which she was lying.

"If we've got them now, we are really going to have a flea season this summer," I said. (Had I known then what I do now, I would have opened the conversation with more class by casually quoting an old English proverb: "If you kill one flea in March you will kill a hundred.")

"I wonder what all the little fleas are doing?" my wife asked pensively.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean we almost always have them, but we are not really acquainted. I wonder how they spend their time."

It was one of those questions that grows more substantial the longer it is considered. One thing fleas have been doing for a long time (at least 120 million years—a fossilized flea unearthed in Coonwarra, Australia a decade ago was 120 million years old) is spreading out and diversifying. To what extent seems

to be a matter of dispute among authorities. A British Museum report (1958) and the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* claim there are 1,600 species of fleas. Hokes in *Fleas* (1974) says there are 2,000 species and the *Encyclopedia Americana* 11,000 species. In any event, there are enough fleas to go around, and they have done just that. Like many of us, fleas prefer a temperate climate, but in pursuit of what might be called business interests, i.e., warm blood, they have become global. They are now found from the deserts of the Sahara to the polar tundra and virtually everywhere in between.

Fleas belong to an order of insects called Siphonaptera, which, roughly translated from the Greek, means "wingless siphon." This is a good description of your basic flea. Nearly all adult fleas (there are no babies; fleas hatch full grown) feed exclusively on warm blood. They do so by drilling their siphons (sharp, flexible but toothless mouthparts) into the skin of their victims. The blood is sucked up into the pharynx by pumps and eventually reaches the stomach, which is a complex, compartmentalized organ equipped with a bunch of ingenious tubes and valves.

Fleas are oblong, neckless and waistless creatures, ideally designed to slip through an underbrush of fur, feathers or thermal underwear. Their flanks are smooth and slippery, which facilitates their skipping about. However, hooks on their legs and feet enable them to cling tenaciously to a stump of hair when they come to a glade of moving skin and decide to stop and browse.

Fleas are of a respectable size in comparison with other parasites. Generally they are five millimeters long or a bit less. Looked at sideways, fleas seem almost nonexistent, being what entomologists call "severely compressed laterally," or about as flat as an animal can be. Any dog that has tried to nip a flea, any person who has tried to pinch one between fingernails or for that matter smash one between bricks knows all about the lateral compression of fleas. They are so compressed that it is next to impossible to compress them any further.

It is hard to hold a flea and hard to do anything to him once you have him, but it is even harder to catch one to begin with. In comparison to fleas, crickets,

continued



kangaroos and David Thompson are all but earthbound. The flea world records for the long jump and high jump are 13 inches and eight inches, respectively. This may not seem like much, but if fleas were as big as men and retained their prowess, they could long-jump 450 feet and high-jump 275.

Actually, if fleas grew up and entered sanctioned competition they would probably be disqualified for failing a drug test. Housed inside an arch near the base of the flea's hind legs is an elastic-like clump of protein called *resilin* that can be stretched and contracted back to its original shape much faster than any known rubber. As the flea begins his jump, it crouches like a sprinter in the starting blocks, lowering its head and contracting its body. These actions compress the *resilin*, and the flea can unleash the stored energy at will and leap out of reach in a great burst.

The potential uses of *resilin* among other species are various and obvious. For example, a basketball coach who was somewhat less than acutely interested in a discussion about fleas came immediately awake when the magical properties

of *resilin* were mentioned. "O.K., where can we get it? Do you think they can put it in a pill or would you have to shoot them in the fanny before each game? Maybe you could build it into shoes. I mean, you wouldn't want to give them a lot. You wouldn't want those clowns hitting their heads on the press box. Just enough so you could get 15 or 20 out of your low-post man or maybe in a tight game from the power forward."

Jumping, high or low, doesn't seem to affect a flea's life span. If the external situation is ideal, the whole cycle from adult to adult—egg, larva, cocoon, adult—can be completed in less than a month. However, if environmental conditions are unfavorable, it may not be completed for a year, the cocoons simply remaining intact, marking time until it is propitious for the adult to emerge. Adult fleas are relatively long lived; the world record is held by a Russian flea that lived 1,487 days.

Although fleas can survive in one stage or another in a fairly wide range of environmental conditions, they do not like extremes of heat, cold or aridity and do not cope well with standing water. All of which accounts for the fact that they have evolved as parasites on nest-building animals—the nest being a creation that modifies the environment. Fleas are most fertile and active in situations where they are protected from precipitation, where the temperature remains between 65° and 80° and the humidity hangs at about 65% or 70%. You will immediately note that the place that meets these requirements and also provides lots of hiding places and quantities of warm blood is the modern family dwelling. So perfectly are our homes suited to fleas that it is almost as if through the centuries the insects had employed us to invent tight roofs, central heating and shag rugs.

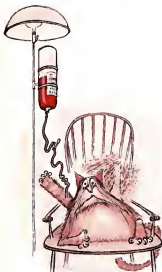
By way of example, the golden retriever who instigated this investigation is a confirmed house dog. In clement weather she moseys around outside for a few hours a day, but otherwise hangs out under tables, desks and on rugs. Her son, a hearty, clumsy, unruly beast, seldom comes inside, largely by popular demand. He has more or less improvised his own living arrangements, bedding down on a pile of leaves on the lee side of the barn. During the summer, when all the world, or at least temperate Pennsylvania, is a marvelous place for fleas, he has a few of them, but from October through April.

the time of sleet, snow and flood, he is virtually flealess. His dam, on the other hand, does a little scratching most of the year. The moral of the story is that anyone who is serious about avoiding fleas should close up the house and go live by the side of the barn.

Fleas have evolved specialized preferences as to their nest mates. In addition to human fleas, there are, among many others, dog, cat, pig, hen, bat, rat, mouse, bird and squirrel fleas. The various species may show some anatomical or behavioral differences (as does the rabbit flea) but in the main they are categorized by their choice of hosts. However, gastronomically speaking, fleas look at life much as we do. Some of us may find lamb chops more tasty than calf's liver. If there are no chops and we are hungry we will take the liver or even frozen breaded shrimp. So will a flea. If he is a cat flea but can find no cats, he will lurch on a dog or a man.

The cosmopolitan taste of these insects was demonstrated by an entomologist named George McCoy, who once combed fleas out of 606 brown rats. His bag was as follows: 1,936 Oriental rat fleas, 1,822 European rat fleas, 650 human fleas, 181 mouse fleas and 28 dog fleas. McCoy then counted the fleas on four dogs and found 54 dog fleas, 25 human fleas, one cat flea and one squirrel flea. He concluded the hunt by defeating 29 humans, who yielded 337 human fleas, three squirrel fleas, one cat flea and one dog flea.

Though they are hearty eaters when the opportunity presents itself, fleas can fast for impressive lengths of time—up to three or four months. This explains the unpleasant experience a lot of families have had with fleas. Let us say our Happy Family heads off on a month-long summer vacation. Its members shut up the house and take the pets with them or else give them to a vet or a neighbor they dislike. In any event, when Happy Family steps inside the door on its return it is met by a blizzard of fleas. In a few moments all those tanned plump legs and pink mudrills are covered with the insects, and the biting, stinging, cursing and recriminations begin. There has not been a massive invasion of fleas from some place else as Happy Family believes. It is just that the fleas left behind, reinforced by whatever adults hatched during the month, are ravenous, and rather than being dispersed as they usually are on var-



ious pets, they congregated in the middle of the living room rug, impatiently awaiting vibrations and the emanations of carbon dioxide that announced chow.

When a flea bites, as is the case with mosquitoes and other bloodsuckers, certain allergy-causing proteins are injected into the tiny wound, causing swelling, irritation and itching. Some victims are more sensitive to flea bites than others. But given our nimble fingers, large hairless areas of skin and the habit of sluicing down with water, we humans are reasonably well equipped to go one-on-one against a flea. Other animals are not so fortunate. A cat or dog is seldom able to rid itself of these parasites.

The flea is a host to other microscopic internal parasites. And there is a kind of mite that clings to the flea and rides around with him, just as fleas travel around on the rest of us. This being the case, the famous lines of Dean Swift, though they were embedded in a literary kind of lecture, are not bad natural history. They run: *Hobbes clearly proves that every creature / Lives in a state of war, by nature: / So, naturalists observe, a flea / Hath smaller fleas that on him prey; / And these have smaller fleas to bite 'em; / And so proceed ad infinitum. / Thus every poet, in his kind, / Is bit by him that comes behind.*

Fleas having been aggravating for as long as we have been around, it is not surprising that a good bit of human ingenuity and energy has been devoted to doing something about them. Virtually every known substance from assafetida to zinc has been tried as a flea bane. A lot of prayers, curses, incantations and hexes have been directed against them as well. According to legend, one anti-flea system was invented by a medieval Spanish physician who developed a secret powder and instructed purchasers of his preparation to use it as follows: first they were to catch a flea, then "open its mouth, and place the powder inside. If this course is followed death is guaranteed."

Medieval courts were filled with dogs, cats, falcons and people and therefore, not surprisingly, fleas. They especially troubled high-society ladies, who, because of their voluminous clothing and notions of gentility, were unable to get in a good public scratch at their tormentors. In consequence, it became fashionable to carry flea sticks, somewhat as grandes dames later were to sport lor-



gnettes. Flea sticks were elaborately carved ivory rods with which one could elegantly dig about underneath garments and amid elegant coiffures. Another device was the flea pendant, a tube-like creation hung on a ribbon and suspended in the décolletage. The tube was perforated and inside it was an adhesive stick. Fleas were supposed to crawl in the holes of the pendant and become ensnared in the stickum. Flea collars, swatches of fur, were also popular among the gentry. The idea was that fleas would crawl into these neckpieces. When they became full they would be given to a servant who would take them outside and dispose of the fleas. The arrangement may or may not have been effective, but in time the flea collar became a status symbol, indicating that the wearer was both fastidious and rich enough to afford one.

The age-long battle against fleas continues unabated and new weaponry is now available. Many contemporary authorities recommend a two-pronged attack. First, attempts should be made to make the immediate environment as unattractive to fleas as possible. As noted, this could be done by shutting off the heat, removing all the furniture and cutting holes in the roof so that puddles of water collect on the floor. This would probably do the job on fleas (just like opening their mouths and pouring powder down their throats would), but there

are less drastic if not quite so thorough tactics. The first order of business is to dust, vacuum, sweep and shake so as to dispose of as many eggs, larvae and cocoons as possible. It is recommended that the bedding used by pets be removed and cleaned on a weekly basis. This sounds fine, but in many households, such as ours, taking out all the chairs and sofas and shaking them every Saturday can get to be very tedious.

Next, everything should be sprayed or dusted with an insecticide. For household use the USDA recommends preparations that contain methoxychlor, malathion, pyrethrum or rotenone, so long as the proper precautions aimed at keeping the user from being poisoned are followed. Many of the flea-management tracts point out that these measures must be used "repeatedly," which means that keeping down fleas is more or less a lifetime occupation.

The second step in flea control is to go after the adult insects. There are special combs, which if used daily will remove all fleas. This is a good method if you keep only a Chihuahua but does not leave much time for anything else if the establishment includes five retrievers, two cats, a ferret and a spider monkey. There are also a lot of commercial sprays, powders and soaps, which if used "repeatedly" will keep down the fleas. Finally, there is a relatively new device

continued

that has now been on the market for about a decade—the flea collar. The first generation of flea collars were impregnated with an insecticide that wafted vapors over the animal and did the business on fleas.

Some researchers knocked the vapor-type collars on the grounds that in addition to being bad for fleas, they were bad for the animals wearing them. A study by Washington State University scientists found that the collars caused loss of appetite, listlessness and impairment of coordination among cats tested experimentally. Others claimed that collars sometimes caused allergic reactions in pets and, of all things, more itchiness.

Manufacturers and sellers of flea collars discounted these complaints, saying, in effect, that if they were not absolutely false, they were very seldom true. In response to the flap about the Washington State report, a spokesman for Hartz Mountain Corporation, a pet supplier big in flea-collar circles (selling some \$25 million worth a season), said that only about one pet in 100,000 might be mildly affected by the devices and then usually because the collar has been drawn too tightly around the animal's neck.

Manufacturers also point out that they are now marketing new-style collars that are not only safer but also more effective than the old ones. Some of these are impregnated with tiny pesticide crystals. As animals move about, these minute particles are distributed and cling to their coats and do a bang-up job of scrapping fleas. The makers claim that within two or three hours after the collars have been affixed, the crystals will be in working position and will continue to do in fleas for up to three months.

One major testing center for the timed-release crystals and other kinds of flea collars is the veterinary school at the University of Georgia, whose Dr. Frank Hayes headed a program that developed the collar now used by Sergeant's. According to Norman Arey of the Atlanta *Constitution*, the researchers start big by putting the proposed chemicals into jars containing fruit flies, the obvious advantage being that "it's hard to tell when a flea is dead, but you can see fruit flies keel right over."

The tests then move ahead to freshly dipped, flea-free dogs. Fifty fleas are sprinkled onto each dog from test tubes and the collars are attached. Underneath each dog cage is a slide-out tray covered

with white paper; the testers pull out the trays periodically and count the dead fleas. Then the real fun starts, says Arey. The testers move to the little island town of Oxbow on the Mississippi Delta, where high temperatures, humidity and sandy soil have served to create one of the world's better flea-breeding areas. Dr. Ulrich Kalkofen, Hayes' associate, and his Georgia students select about 60 Walker hounds owned by local deer-hunting clubs and count the fleas on each one (you do this by combing the dog's hair forward and counting fast). Then test collars are put on. The hounds are prone to tunnel into the ground under their shelters to escape the heat, fleas are so thick there that they can be heard jumping about on the dry leaves. The dogs are coaxed out occasionally and Dr. Kalkofen makes new flea counts.

Every now and then it occurs to some scratchy, irritated pet owner that the collars might be effective for people. Unanimously, authorities from collar makers to environmental health specialists consider this a bad idea. The feeling is that a lot more research needs to be done before anklets or bracelets or necklaces can be recommended as either useful or healthful for relatively hairless beings such as ourselves.

My own impression, reinforced by the experiences of friends who have pets with fleas, is that, while the collars are probably good, they'll never be as good as the fleas. For example, our golden retriever bitch goes through several flea collars a season. The initial impression is that they have some effect. She never seems to be any dizzier or more uncoordinated than usual but, on the other hand, she seldom seems to be without fleas for very long. These private findings are probably suspect, however, because during the flea season we also dope the food for our various dogs with a few drops of vinegar. In this section of the Appalachians, that practice is regarded as a flea deterrent. Whether or not it truly is remains debatable, but when it comes to fleas, there is strong motivation to shoot the works.

From the time of the ivory flea stick to the poisoned flea collar, our relationship with fleas has been an adversary one. However, we never seem to have grown to hate them as we do snakes or spiders. In fact, at various times, in various places, we have found fleas to be entertaining and companionable if not exactly lov-

able. Clever seamstresses have amused themselves and amazed their friends by creating costumes for flea corpses, fitting out the little fellows in elaborate dresses, capes and hats. This improbable handicraft flourished especially in Mexico, where an occasional doled-up flea corpse can still be found. Until a few decades ago flea circuses were popular attractions at carnivals, fairs and penny arcades. The basic act involved a group of fleas harnessed to and pulling a miniature carriage, fleas walking together and fleas fighting duels with tiny swords. The act was emceed by a "perfesser," whose spiel about how he had searched the world over for these particular insects and how he had trained them was generally worth the price of admission. Such acts would conclude with the promoter-perfesser scooping up the performers and as a reward for their good behavior giving them a good long drink from his bare arm.

While flea circuses made a fine show, they were not particularly difficult to stage. To get a flea to pull a cart, about all that is required is a hand steady enough to loop a thin thread over the flea and then tie it to the vehicle. So harnessed, the flea is unable to use his hind legs for jumping. When the box or table on which the circus is staged is jiggled, the flea is alarmed and tries to jump, but being restrained can only plow ahead horizontally, dragging behind whatever is tied to him. Dancing or dueling flea acts involve a pair of fleas and enough cement to stick them and their props inconspicuously together and to weight down the insects so that they cannot jump off the stage.

In totaling up the contributions of the flea to human culture, it should be noted that these insects so intimately associated with us have a great appeal for poets, philosophers and essayists, when these thinkers are in metaphoric moods. Shakespeare, John Donne and Swift, among many others, had a lot to say about fleas, especially when they were dealing with the theme that all is vanity and men are not so highfalutin as they pretend—that they are, in fact, only a quick lunch for insects. When, in a proper mood, you stop to think about it, fleas may be the most interesting, talented and historic creatures with which to share a house, a rug, or for that matter a retriever. Certainly, through the centuries they have given abundant proof that they like us for ourselves.

END



The big difference between us and them is the pocket. And the price.

The jeans with the fancy stitching on the back pocket are the world's best-selling jeans. They cost about \$15.00. The jeans on the right are JCPenney Plain Pockets. They cost \$10.00. Which would you rather have? A half-cent's worth of stitching on your pocket, or \$5.00 in your pocket.

Plain Pocket Jeans
only at
JCPenney

Also through participating

A close-up photograph of a man with dark, curly hair. He has a cigarette in his mouth and is making a hand gesture with his right hand, showing three fingers. The background is blurred, suggesting an outdoor setting.

Viceroy

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health



More Tobacco
& Less 'Tar'

...than
Winston or Marlboro.

Instead of using stronger tobacco,
Viceroy uses *more*¹ tobacco & a *lower*² 'tar' blend
than Winston or Marlboro.

The result is a mild, fully packed cigarette
with an extra satisfying taste.

And yes, lower 'tar' than
Winston or Marlboro.

¹ DURING 1976 VICEROY KINGS HAD, BY WEIGHT, 22.35 MGS. MORE TOBACCO THAN WINSTON KINGS AND 40.52 MGS. MORE TOBACCO THAN MARLBORO KINGS (AVERAGE PER CIGARETTE)

² VICEROY HAS A UNIQUE AGED-BLEND OF NATURALLY LOW-TAR TOBACCOS AND A SPECIAL PROCESS THAT ALLOWS THE USE OF MORE PARTS OF THE TOBACCO LEAF THAT ARE LOW IN TAR (VICEROY 16 MGS. TAR, WINSTON 19 MGS. TAR, MARLBORO 22 MGS. TAR, AVERAGE PER CIGARETTE, FTC REPORT DECEMBER, 1976)

Unfair foreign competition takes jobs from American steelworkers

Last year, foreign steelmakers shipped 14.3 million tons of steel to our shores. That's more steel than we shipped that year — and we're this country's second largest steelmaker! It's equivalent to about 70,000 steelworking jobs. And all of that imported steel could have been made in America — by American labor. With our unemployment rate pushing 7%, why wasn't it?

America believes in free trade, that's why. Our import doors are open wider than any other nation's. And as "free enterprisers," American steel producers wouldn't have it any other way.

We also believe in fair trade. Most foreign steel companies are either owned, subsidized, financed, aided, and/or protected in one way or another by their governments. They don't have the same pressure we do to operate profitably or generate capital.

Unfair competition

We believe that much of the steel imported into the U.S. is being "dumped"—that is, sold at prices lower than those charged in the producer's own country, and usually below that foreign steelmaker's full costs of production. Dumping is illegal, but it has been hard to prove.

Imported steel means exported jobs

During periods of slack demand at home, foreign steelmakers push to maintain high production rates and high employment. Result, a worldwide glut of steel...much of it exported to America, priced to sell...thousands of American steelworkers laid off or working short hours.

Needed: fair rules

Bethlehem and the American steel industry are not "protectionist." We are not looking for permanent trade barriers against foreign steel coming into our home markets. But we do believe steel producers the world over should follow fair trading practices. All we're asking is a chance to compete on fair and equal terms here in our own country.

Washington must help

We urge the U.S. Government to insist on fair trading practices in steel, especially that steel imports be priced to at least cover their full costs of production and sale...to arrange for prompt temporary relief from the current excessive flow of steel imports...and to press for international governmental negotiations leading to an effective international agreement on steel trade.

If you agree with us about the seriousness of this problem, please write your representatives in Washington and tell them so.

A free folder...*"Foreign Steel: Unfair Competition?"*...explains our answer to that question.

Write: Public Affairs Dept., Rm. 476 MT, Bethlehem Steel Corp., Bethlehem, PA 18016.



Bethlehem 

Despite all the hubble about the boom in sports movies, one gets the impression that Hollywood is not really confident about catering to the sports audience. Instead, most so-called "sports films" are produced primarily to satisfy more traditionally reliable constituencies. Thus, while *Greased Lightning* is a film about a stock car driver, it is obviously aimed 1) at a black audience and 2) at the masses of car freaks who support the *Smokey and the Bandit* genre. I am sure that somewhere in Hollywood a bunch of pasty-faced little creatures are locked in a room, taking all the hackneyed old scripts about cowboys, war and show business, and translating them, word for word, into sports stories. I have this recurring nightmare that the entire Elvis Presley series is going to be remade, with titles such as *Fun in Candlestick Park* and *Locker Room Fiesta*!

As for *Greased Lightning*, it certainly starts off as an agreeable enough slice of déjà vu, as the dim-witted Virginia constabulary chase moonshiners: *The Last Remake of Thunder Road*, in blackface. But once Wendell Scott, who in 1964 became the first black to win a NASCAR championship race, has whipped Jim Crow and gotten on the speedway, there is no place left to go except around and around in more dirt circles. Even the hero himself (Richard Pryor) is lost amidst the carburetors.

Given the patchwork script, Pryor has been content to limit his acting from the nose up, displaying the full range of emotions only by rolling his eyes one way or another. His movie wife, the gorgeous Pam Grier, is décolleté even when cleaning house, leaving the most noble amongst us no opportunity to inspect her character. Cleavon Little plays the sidekick, no better or worse than Andy Devine and Pat Buttram ever did. I liked Beau Bridges' DA haircut. The Southern sheriff was done better in the Dodge commercials, and Vincent Gardema, who is stuck with the part here, knows that all too well—and it shows. Moreover, in what could be a dreadful precedent, two politicians—Atlanta Mayor Maynard Jackson and, more prominently, Julian Bond—intrude on the screen. Bond was nominated for Vice-President when he

was only 28, and with this job at acting he again reveals a penchant for doing things he is incapable of.

What is really upsetting about the film is that its conclusion is dishonest. Wendell Scott broke the color line, but he made less than \$9,000 a year in motor racing. He never won a major race. The film suggests otherwise, that he was right up there in "rivalry" with the Richard Petty, the David Pearsons, or the Donnie Allison and Darrell Waltraps (page 12).

The cop-out is the stylized portrayal of the 1950s South—all the foolish bigots, all the insane segregation statutes. How safe it is to stand back now and bowl over this shabby, dishonored culture. How smug it is to put us, in 1977, above the dumb, mean good ol' boys of a generation ago. How righteous. The movie ends with Scott winning a hokey race, then sitting on top of his car waving a checkered flag. But he never had a sponsor. He didn't pave the way for other black drivers. Even today, no big automotive firm backs a black racer. A black has never driven at Indianapolis. Blacks seldom even appear in the pits. Essentially, auto racing is as lily white today as it was when Wendell Scott began his lonely quest.

So make no mistake: *Greased Lightning* is foremost a black exploitation film. The Superflys are bad enough, but they only prey on fantasies of sex and power. *Greased Lightning* is worse, for it cruelly misrepresents the everyday dreams of equality and employment

A HAPPY ENDING, BUT A HOKEY CONCLUSION



This Stevie is also a wonder

Steve Henderson, the main man in the deal that sent Tom Seaver to the Reds, has made beautiful music in New York

On the night of June 21, Met Board Chairman M. Donald Grant made his first Shea Stadium appearance since his celebrated Midnight Massacre, which six days earlier had resulted in St. Thomas Seaver being sent to Cincinnati. Behind the chairman's box some kids unfurled a banner that read GRANT'S TOMB. Around him people yelled loud reminders of how Seaver had pitched a shutout in his Reds' debut, of how deeply imbedded the Mets were in the cellar and of how Grant was New York City's biggest tightwad since Gerald Ford's "Drop Dead" days.

It was then that the Lord, obviously a Mets sympathizer since he first saw Choo Choo Coleman catch, gave Grant and his team what they most needed—a miracle. In the 11th inning one of the unknowns Grant had acquired for Seaver—24-year-old Steve Henderson—hit his first major league homer for a 5-2 Met victory. Eight weeks later the young left-fielder, who a year ago was playing Double A ball in Trois Rivières, Quebec, has become the Apple's newest celebrity and is known in the headlines and at P. J. Clarke's as Stevie Wonder. With Henderson leading the way, the Mets have been transformed from a dismal team, which Manager Joe Torre admits "had passed the point of having any future," to one that in recent weeks has made a practice of scrambling from behind to win. At the end of last week New York had won eight of its most recent 12 games. In four of those victories the Mets trailed one or more times.

In the wake of all this, papers have run charts on the comparative accom-

plishments of Stevie Wonder and Tom Terrific, the *Daily News* has received letters from numerous fans who claim to have been the only ones on their blocks who were for the deal and, most incredible, from the day of the trade, June 15, through last weekend, the Mets' record (20-27) has been almost as good as Cincinnati's (23-27).

During that 47-game stretch Henderson hit .295, slugged .526, knocked in 22 runs in one 15-game span and is now third on the team in RBIs with 32 and game-winning hits with four. Six of his seven homers have either tied a game or put New York ahead; three of them were game-winners and two others tied games that were won in extra innings. One of his game-breakers came off Bruce Sutter, the Cubs' ace reliever, on another occasion he won a game with a homer off the Pirates' big stopper, Rich Gossage. "That pitch by Gossage should have been unhittable," Torre says. "One guy (Montreal's Joe Kerrigan) knocked Steve down, but he got up and hammered the next pitch out to tie a game. We went on to win that one and break a nine-game losing streak. Against the Dodgers and Don Sutton, Steve tripled in the first inning, then homered to bring us even at 6-6. We won 8-7 in extra innings. I'm not sure I believe him myself."

Henderson admits that he was wary of coming to New York. "I was just one of four players from the Reds," he says, "but I heard people say, 'He's the guy they got for Tom Seaver.' It could have been really tough, but I was lucky. I got off to a good start." He got help from Torre, who worked Henderson into the lineup slowly, at first using him only against pitchers who were least likely to embarrass him. As soon as Henderson showed up in the New York clubhouse, Pitcher Jerry Koosman promised him that every time he got two hits, Koosman would serve him his postgame meal in the locker room. "It was kind of a gimmick to keep him thinking that baseball's a game, not solely a business," says Koosman. "Steve has exceptional talent, but he was also walking into a very difficult situation."

With Henderson an instant success and Seaver 4-2 in nine starts

for Cincinnati, Torre's main difficulty now is fitting batting practice around Henderson's interviews. "This team was crying for this kind of young player," says Torre. "He can run [44 stolen bases last season] He's big [6'1", 185 pounds] And strong? On that homer off Gossage, he fought off a pitch in on his fists and drove it over the right center-field fence. He's got 25-homer power. He has such quick strong hands that he's one of the few guys who can start and stop his swing. And best of all is his attitude. People compare him to Willie Mays, not because he's as good as Willie, but because of his enthusiasm."

Torre points to Henderson's willingness to work on his shortcomings. He is still an unsure outfielder with a below average arm. "When he messed up a fly ball the other night, he immediately said, 'I screwed up,' and listened," says Torre. "He's going to the instructional league in the fall to work on his defense and his throwing, and I'll guarantee you that he'll develop into a more than adequate outfielder."

Fans see a different aspect of Henderson's enthusiasm. He is always on the move—bouncing toward home plate from the on-deck circle, sprinting full tilt



As a Met, Henderson has batted .295 with 32 RBIs

on every batted ball, scurrying to back up every throw to third base. The Red Sox farm director, Chief Bender, once compared him to Pete Rose. "I guess it's because I enjoy playing so much," says Henderson. "I wouldn't be here if I didn't."

Stevie Wonder grew up in non-baseball country—Houston's impoverished Third Ward. "There wasn't any organized ball there," he says. "The sports were football and basketball. I was about the only kid around who liked baseball, so I played wherever I could catch a game—with a boys club and on a sandlot team with my father. I didn't get drafted when I came out of high school and was fortunate to get an athletic scholarship to Prairie View. But, heck, it's not a school known for baseball. I think the only reason Cincinnati looked at me was that I was the second best college hitter in 1973 with a .488 average."

The Red Sox have a way of finding players who can run, hit and play like the original Red Stockings, and once he was drafted in 1974, Henderson quickly showed he fit that mold. He hit .312 last summer and .353 in the instructional league last fall and was batting .376 for Cincinnati's Triple A farm in Indianapolis shortly before he left for New York. "With the Red Sox outfield, I had figured that it would be at least two more seasons before I'd be in the majors," says Henderson. "But I wasn't discouraged. I've never been down playing baseball. I like it too much."

"Still, I can hardly believe I'm here, and I realize I'm lucky to be in New York, not Indianapolis. This whole thing's a dream come true."

And it has ended a nightmare for Grant. Even though they are still in last place, Stevie Wonder and his band have gotten New York fans off the Met chairman's case. In fact, with Doug Flynn starting at shortstop, Pat Zachry taking a regular turn in the rotation and the other unknown in the deal, Outfielder Dan Norman, showing some promise in Triple A, Met officials have even begun to claim that they did not really mean it when they said in June they did not want to trade Seaver. Last week New York announcer Lindsey Nelson even called the Reds "happless." General Manager Joe McDonald said, "There's no way I'd now trade Henderson for Seaver." And, at least for the instant, neither would anyone else.

THE WEEK

(July 31-Aug. 6)
by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AL WEST Suddenly, it was a four-team race. Clinging to first place were the White Sox (2-6). Chicago scored three times in the last of the 10th to overhaul Kansas City 5-4 as Chet Lemon hit his second homer of the game, a two-run shot, and Ralph Garr drove in the clinching run with a single. It has become customary this season for Chicago rooters to give standing ovations to their heroes and for the Sox to acknowledge those cheers by tipping their caps or by emerging from the dugout. This has irked some opponents, among them Hal McRae and Amos Otis of the Royals, who homered during an 8-4 win in Chicago and then asked the Sox to doff their caps as they circled the bases. "This isn't a circus or a nightclub act," McRae said angrily.

When the Sox came to Kansas City the Royals (5-3) continued to mimic them. During a 12-2 conquest, four Royal home-run hitters tipped their caps or came out of the dugout for curtain calls. The biggest bopper that day was John Mayberry, who hit for the cycle. Kansas City won the next day 6-3 as George Brett slammed his fourth homer of the week, a three-run poke. All told, Brett scored 11 runs, drove in nine and hit .405.

Moving up on the White Sox, too, were the Twins (6-2), who took over second place. Lysan Bostock hit .409 and drove across 12 runs, and Mike Cuddihy climaxed an 11-run inning with a grand slam as the Twins outlasted the Indians 14-10. Paul Thronsdogard (9-8) beat Detroit 11-1; Dave Goltz held off the Royals 9-4 for his 13th win, and Tom Johnson earned his 12th save.

Texas (6-2) pulled to within four games of the top. Three wins in four games in Chicago accounted for half of the Rangers' four-game gain. After taking the series opener 11-6, the Rangers came back from a 7-0 deficit in the seventh inning of game No. 2 and won 9-8 on Willie Horton's double in the ninth. Texas took the third game 12-10, scoring six times in the 12th and then withstanding a four-run uprising by Chicago. Jim Sundberg kept the Rangers perking as he scored eight runs, drove in seven and batted .464.

Attendance in Seattle (3-2) topped 1 million. Local fans saw Glenn Abbott (9-7) beat Baltimore 6-1 on four hits and New York 9-2 for his fifth and sixth wins in a row. They also saw Lee Stanton homer and drive in three runs in each of those games. Den Meyer was also a crowd pleaser with a .556 average.

Fans in Oakland (0-6) finally found something to cheer about—the opposition. Several A's were incensed when the spectators gave Boston's Luis Tiant half a dozen stand-

ing ovations while he blanked Oakland 1-0.

Ken Brett of California (4-2), who had been ineffective for weeks, utilized tips from Pitching Coach Marv Grissom to win his third and fourth games in a row. "He got me to shorten my stride and open my body more to put less strain on my elbow and more of it on my shoulder and body," Brett explained. Using his revamped delivery, Brett beat New York 4-1 and Baltimore 9-5. Nolan Ryan held off the Yankees 5-3 to become the league's first 15-game winner. And Frank Tanana got his 13th win and seventh shutout by stopping the Orioles 5-0 on three singles. Bobby Bonds put some oomph in the attack with four homers, raising his total to 25.

CHICAGO-43 MINN-64-47 KC-60-45 TEX-59-47
CAL-51-54 SEA-48-63 OAK-42-65

AL EAST "I can't remember these young arms coming up to a team that's fighting for a division title and doing what they have done," said Boston Manager Don Zimmer. The three—Don Aase, Mike Paxton and Bob Stanley—enlisted the Red Sox (6-0) to move into first place. Aase, whose home is in Anaheim, Calif., blanked the Angels there 1-0 on three hits in his second big league start. Next time out, in Oakland, Aase gave up five hits and one run in seven innings. Having thrown 103 pitches at that point, he was relieved by Bill Campbell, who protected Aase's 2-1 lead and got his 18th save. Paxton, with relief help from Stanley, defeated Seattle 12-4. The Red Sox slugged five homers in that game. Jim Rice connecting for his 28th and 29th. George Scott his 27th, Bunch Hobson his 21st and Bernie Carbo his 11th, a grand slam. As if inspired by the young pitchers, Ferguson Jenkins beat Oakland 3-1 on three hits, and Luis Tiant gave up only five singles as he muffled the A's 1-0. All of which stretched Boston's winning streak to nine games. Eight of those triumphs came away from home as the Red Sox were enjoying their most successful road trip since 1939, when they ran off 12 wins in a row during a 17-5 junket.

Dropping back 2½ games were the Orioles (2-3). After being knocked out in the third inning of a 6-1 loss in Seattle, Jim Palmer revealed, "I've had pain in my forearm since June 1. That's why I haven't had good velocity the last two months. Something's got to be done." Rudy May (12-9) chalked up his 100th career victory when he downed the A's 5-1. Baltimore's other win also came in Oakland, an 8-6 game in which rookie switch-hitter Eddie Murray homered from each side of the plate. Ken Singleton, who was 3 for 17, drove in three of his seven runs in that contest.

Controversy continued to hound the Yankees (2-4). Pitcher Don Guilen's expensive left arm was ailing, and he was having a problem with grass. It was not the stuff on Amer-

continued

jean League infielders, but marijuana, 2,800 pounds of which were found flourishing on Gullett's Kentucky farm. Police confiscated the crop but insisted Gullett was not suspected of being involved in the pot plot. Multiple woes also plagued Reggie Jackson. An official complaint was issued against him on behalf of a Bronx youth, who said Jackson kicked him outside Yankee Stadium following the All-Star Game. After rumors circulated that Jackson had an escape clause that would permit him to terminate his five-year contract at the end of this season, New York President Gabe Paul issued a firm denial. A man planning to open a sausage shop in Baltimore began plugging a 25¢ item he intends to put on his menu—a "Reggie Jackson," which, the man explained, "is a two-bit hot dog." The most productive Yankee was Mickey Rivers, who hit .464.

All four wins by Toronto (4-2) came against Milwaukee (1-6). Two of them went to Dave Lemanczyk (10-9), who has a chance to break the record of 13 wins by a pitcher with an expansion club that was established in 1969 by Gene Brabender of Seattle. Ron Fairly wallowed his 200th lifetime homer, a three-run drive that newcomer Jim Clancy made stand up for a 3-2 win over the Brewers. Milwaukee dropped to sixth place, beating Cleveland 7-4 for its lone victory. A \$6 million refinancing scheme was being worked out for the debt-ridden Indians (3-4), who have lost 22 of 31 games. But the Indians did advance to fifth place by taking a doubleheader from the Brewers. Dennis Ekersley winning the first game 9-2 and Wayne Garland the second 7-4.

Dave Roemer of the Tigers (2-4) beat the Twins 4-2 for his fourth straight victory. That left rookie Roemer with an 11-4 record, which was Mark Fidrych's record at this point a year ago. Ron LeFlore, who had a 30-game hitting streak last season, stretched his latest string to 13 games with a double and game-winning homer in a 6-5 squeaker over Texas.

BOB 63-43 BAL 61-46 NY 50-49 DET 48-58
CLEV 46-59 MIL 47-62 TOR 36-48

NL WEST

Willie McCovey and Manny Mota, both 39, and Phil Niekro, 38, remained frisky. During a 9-2 romp in Montreal, McCovey drove in five runs for San Francisco (2-4) with his 18th and 19th homers. One of those blasts was Stretch's 18th grand slam, extending his league record and putting him five back of Lou Gehrig's major league mark. McCovey raised his RBI figure to 57 and his batting average to .281 when he drove in two runs as the Giants trimmed the Mets 7-3. Rookie Randy Elliott set a club record with a pinch homer, the Giants' eighth of the season.

With his ninth pinch hit in 19 at bats this year, Mota increased his career total to 115 and took over third place on the all-time list.

Also doing some hitting for the Dodgers (2-4) was Pitcher Tommy John, who singled twice while topping the Mets 7-2 for his sixth straight win. But the lushest batters were Reggie Smith (.483) and Bill Russell (.409).

Niekro, who leads the league with 171 strikeouts, pitched the Braves (3-4) to a 3-1 win and fanned 11 Expos. Atlanta got further support from Eddie Solomon, who beat Pittsburgh 8-3 and Montreal 5-2, and from Jeff Burroughs, who hit four home runs to give him 28.

"C.C. is back," said Cesar Cedeno of Houston (4-3). "With a lot of help from [hitting instructor] Deacon Jones and the other coaches, I know myself again." Cedeno concluded a 9-for-28 week with his sixth and seventh homers as he drove in all the Astro runs in a 4-1 win over the Cardinals. The win went to former Cardinal farmhand Tom Dixon, 22, who pitched a five-hitter. Other victories were achieved when Joe Niekro beat Pittsburgh 3-0 with his second shutout in a row, when Jose Cruz homered in the bottom of the 11th to finish off the Pirates 4-3 and when Bob Watson drilled a pair of two-run doubles to knock off St. Louis 5-4.

San Diego's two wins in six tries were protected in the late innings by Rolie Fingers, who picked up his 23rd and 24th saves. Dave Kingman homered in both those games, driving in seven runs with two blasts during an 11-8 slugfest in Chicago. Last year's Cy Young winner, Randy Jones, came off the disabled list and was shelled as both a reliever and starter.

Although the Reds (4-3) were virtually out of the race, huge crowds—236,601 fans showed up for six dates—continued to flock to Riverfront Stadium. Luring all these spectators was George Foster, who for the sixth and seventh times this season hit two home runs in one game. His biggest smash came during a 5-3 win over Chicago, a drive that traveled almost 550 feet. Don Driessen was that game with a two-run homer in the 10th and damped the Cubs 7-6 with a tie-breaking triple. Joe Morgan wrapped up an 11-for-24 week with a single, a double, his 16th homer and four RBIs as Tom Seaver defeated Pittsburgh 8-3.

LA 67-42 CIN 54-34 HOU 52-59
SF 49-61 SD 47-65 ATL 39-69

NL EAST

The Phillies (5-1) did everything possible to please their customers. They played superbly, climbed into first place and, when 34,868 fans—many of them business people—attended a rare midweek day game, the scoreboard kept them informed by flashing Dow Jones averages. Philadelphia beat San Diego 2-1 that day, Bake McBride singling in the winning run in the ninth. A two-out hit in the bottom of the ninth by Ted Sizemore gave the Phillies a 1-0 verdict over the Dodgers.

They also trimmed the Dodgers 8-3 with a seven-run rally in the eighth, during which Greg Luzinski hammered his third homer of the week and 27th of the season. Reliever Tag McGraw won twice, and Steve Carlton (15-6) had three hits and three RBIs and struck out 12 while throttling the Padres 8-1.

After being in front for 69 days, Chicago (3-3) fell back. Ace Reliever Bruce Sutter was put on the 21-day disabled list with an aching shoulder. In hopes of filling Sutter's spot as their top short reliever, the Cubs purchased veteran Dave Giusti from the A's.

Timely hits and some about-time homers aided third-place Pittsburgh (3-4). Bill Robinson, who hit three home runs during the week, carried the Pirates past the Astros 6-3 with a three-run clout in the 10th. An inning earlier, Robinson had singled during a two-run rally to send the game into extra innings. Dave Parker, who had not homered in almost four weeks, drilled two balls over the fence and had five RBIs as Jerry Reuss beat the Reds 12-1. And Frank Taveras, who had gone much longer without a four-bagger, hit one as the Pirates concluded a doubleheader sweep of the Reds with a 10-6 victory. After almost four seasons and 1,600 at bats, Ta-

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

GEORGE FOSTER: Six homers and 12 RBIs by the Cincinnati outfielder lifted his major league-leading totals to 38 and 109. The former also gave him a shot at Hack Wilson's 47-year-old league mark of 536 home runs.

veras' first was the rarest of homers—an inside-the-park grand slam.

Sharp pitching buoyed St. Louis (4-3). Bob Forsch (14-5) downed Houston 3-1, Eric Rasmussen beat Atlanta 5-1 and Clay Carroll snatched a 6-4 win over the Braves. Reliever Butch Metzger, who had "lost" his big out pitch—a rising fastball—found it again and recorded a win and two saves.

Also excelling in relief was Don Stanhouse of the Expos (3-4). Stanhouse, who had a 5.67 ERA as a starter, had a win and a save and lowered his ERA to 1.55 as a bullpen specialist. Montreal's young outfielders hit a combined .390, Warren Cromartie batting .464, Ellis Valentine .408 and Andre Dawson .292.

Four times the Mets (4-2) came from behind before finally downing the Dodgers 8-7 on Joe Youngblood's pinch hit in the 12th. Lee Mazzilli's pinch single in the 14th knocked off the Dodgers again, this time 4-3. And an eighth-inning double by Lenny Randle overcame the Giants 3-2. In their biggest rout of the week the Mets held on for a 10-9 victory over San Diego as Skip Lockwood earned his 17th save.

PHI 63-44 CHG 62-44 PITT 62-47
STL 60-50 MON 51-57 NY 46-60

A black and white photograph of Joe Namath, a man with dark hair and a wide smile, wearing a dark jacket over a light-colored collared shirt. He is holding a bottle of Brut 33 Skin Moisturizer in his right hand. The bottle is white with a black cap and has the text 'NEW', 'BRUT 33 Skin Moisturizer', 'FOR MEN', and 'FREE HANDS' on it. The background is plain white.

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A year ago pioneering anglers found that nighttime is the right time for Florida swordfish. Now their followers have uncovered a bonanza

Denizens of the dark

A thousand-pound swordfish leaps in the summer night and you own the vision forever. It hangs dimly in the soft air, a vast otherworldly thing, water droplets flying, and when it crashes back into the water it is like a horse falling off a cliff. The lights of Miami Beach glow yellow on the horizon just 12 miles westward, but it doesn't ring true—the Fontainebleau and Collins Avenue serving as a backdrop for *xiphus gladius*, a fish of legends and cool ocean fastnesses, of mystery and awe.

All night the swordfish rages, taking

out a quarter mile of 130-pound-test line. But at dawn it dives away and down. The 1½ reel, big as a bucket, is not equal to the challenge and soon it is empty. 750 yards of line trailing away into the black depths. The swordfish is gone for another day, and back on the lead a new breed of woman is waking up alone. Call them swordfish widows.

The man who loses the big one at least knows there will be other nights. Some men have spent huge chunks of their lives trying to merely hook a swordfish of any size. The *International Marine Angler*

Fred Hoehn, whose 415-pounder won a Keys tournament, exalts over his catch by dawn's early light

estimates that fewer than 1,000 sport-fishermen have ever boated a broadbill. But now it seems all an angler need do is go to Florida—where 13 months ago no one had ever caught a swordfish on rod and reel, except by accident—and success is at hand. More swordfish have been caught this year in the 225-mile stretch from Vero Beach to Key West than have been caught in the last 20 years on the great swordfishing grounds of the Northeast. That is what Grant Beardsley says, and he is project manager for ocean-game-fish investigations for the National Marine Fisheries Service in Miami.

On Montauk, N.Y., and in all the other storied swordfish waters, the fishing is half hunting, sometimes a daylong search to spot a swordfish—"sunning," as they say, on the surface. "Sleeping" is often more accurate, judging by the fish's reaction to a drifted squid. One strike in 10 is an average response. But in the first Miami Swordfish Tournament this June, 27 boats fished for five days and got 60 fish, and only four boats were shut out. The biggest tournament entry was a fish of 491½ pounds. Two anglers boated four fish each—Pepin Alzcorbe of Coral Gables, the tournament winner with a total of 929¾ pounds, and Anne Kunkel of North Palm Beach. Before entering the tournament Kunkel had caught four swordfish in several years of trying, and more than 100 giant bluefin tuna. In the tournament she boated four swords to place third. She hooked another one evening that emptied her reel like a runaway torpedo. That had never happened to her in 35 years of fishing.

On another Florida night, a mother-and-son team pulled in a 629-pounder, although it wouldn't have counted officially since they took turns fighting it.

It seems strange that this new fishery was not discovered years ago. There have always been swordfish off Florida, where shark fishermen caught them occasionally, fishing very deep. Then in 1975 the Bahamas declared its spiny lobsters off limits to foreign boats, putting a group of Cuban-Americans out of work. Years ago they had fished commercially with longlines for swordfish off Havana, so now they came to Florida and began to find fish. But they ran afoul of another government, the U.S. The FDA says swordfish contain toxic mercury and

bans their shipment out of state. But booby traffic thrives.

On July 5, 1976, after seeing one too many longlined swordfish on the docks, two Miami cousins, Jesse and Jerry Webb, sales and general manager of Pflueger Marine Taxis, went out with rod and reel. They hooked two swordfish and lost them both, one, says Jerry, displaying "the fastest, most powerful run I've ever seen." But the next night they tried again. Jerry hooked up first, and in 12 minutes, with hardly any effort, he had a 348-pounder in the boat. The swordfish is an inconsistent brawler, a tiger or a pussycat depending on where he is hooked, and Webb's was hooked in a gland at the base of the sword. But it was the first broadbill ever caught by design by sportfishermen in Florida. Three hours later Jesse Webb boated the second. It weighed 368 pounds and was all over the ocean. Before the summer of '76 was over, many more swordfish had been boated.

The next breakthrough came last May.

A group of fishermen were in Captain Harry's Fishing Supply in Miami buying gear for the first Key West swordfish tournament. Harry's daughter Lulu piped up, "Put one of these gadgets in your boat, so the fish can see it." She held up a six-inch Cyalume plastic tube filled with a thick liquid and a small glass vial. When the sealed plastic tube is bent, the vial breaks and chemicals reacting inside the tube begin producing a greenish-yellow light that lasts for about three hours. The tubes were designed for emergency lighting, not for fishing. Captain Harry sold a few three-packs at \$4.25 each to the anglers. Five swordfish were caught at Key West, all on lines with Cyalumes either tied ahead of the baits or sewn into the squid they drifted. Now most Florida swordfishermen rely on their "night sticks" nearly as much as on their nights, when the swordfish come toward the surface.

One night off Miami a hooked swordfish charged a boat. The crew could see it from the flying bridge. It was at least 12

feet long and its great sword was flailing in five-foot sweeps. It dived under the boat at the last minute, but that kind of thing is part of swordfish lore and the evidence lies in the years of punctured hulls. In June a swordfish ghosted up to a 22-foot boat off Hollywood's Dania Beach. It hung there, all 15 feet of it, before swallowing the bait. Four hours later it broke off. A fish that size weighs 1,000 pounds. In 1953 Lou Marron caught a magnificent 14' 11½" swordfish weighing 1,182 pounds off the coast of Chile. That fish still stands as the all-tackle record.

The man who lost the possible record fish off Miami, Doug Smith, has already boated nine smaller ones. Jerry Webb has seven, Anne Kunkel, eight. S. Kip Farrington Jr., a pioneer bug-game fisherman who caught 12 broadbill in more than 10 years of trying, wrote in his book *Pacific Game Fishing* that he would rather have caught one swordfish than five black marlin or 20 giant bluefin. The sword does not leap as wildly as the black and rarely grows as large, and it probably is

continued

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Today, Mervil Johnson is well on his way to the career he dreams about — international business.

He's already been graduated by Texas Christian University in Fort Worth, where he participated in the honors program in both French and Spanish.

And now this 23-year-old Texan has completed advanced studies in Nice, France, at the Institut d'Administration des Entreprises (the business school) of the Université de Nice.

What made his year abroad possible was an ITT International Fellowship.

Mervil was one of 66 ITT Fellows last year.

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His mother, who has six other children, sums up what education means to her son. "It's the thing that opens doors for him."

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less swift and powerful than the tuna, but it took Farrington six years to catch his first one. In that time he spotted 28 broadbills "sunning," and none was interested in his bait. He wrote, "The more you see of this fish the greater the fascination they hold for you. ... I don't feel that anyone ever really knows swordfish. ... He certainly has more idiosyncrasies and guile than any other fish I have ever encountered and is by all odds the most difficult to hook."

With what has been going on off Florida, Farrington may want to revise that last statement. Thus far this year, Beardsley estimates that sports anglers have caught nearly 200 swordfish in Florida waters. Because of their value as both trophies and food, most of these fish have been kept, even 40-pounders. Now that the fishery has been proven beyond a doubt, scientists and enlightened fishermen are promoting a tag-and-release program to preserve the fishery and perhaps learn about the migratory habits of this magnificent fish.

Professional swordfish guides (a brand-new occupation in Florida) are charging from \$200 to \$350 for an all-night trip. And these summer nights the boats can be seen headed east at around eight o'clock. The ocean deepens off South Florida to 900 feet at 12 miles, then slopes away to 1,450. The deep, powerful currents of the Gulf Stream canyon off this drop-off like thermals off an Alpine crag, creating rips all the way to the surface. Boatfish are caught up in this turbulence, attracting squid and swordfish. The boats drift north with the stream, trailing three or four baits at varying depths, from 30 to 200 feet. Each trip is an experiment. Different size balloons are being used to vary the depths at which baits can be drifted; heavy monofilament leaders are employed in place of wire; spotlights are aimed into the depths. Fishermen joke about new tricks, like underwater microphones, yet untried, to broadcast squid distress calls. Occasionally a shark is hooked, but most strikes are from swordfish, and the suspense of waiting is heightened by the awareness of enormous depths and the eerie nighttime sea. There are thousand-pound swordfish down there, rising toward the hooked squid, nightsticks and quickened pulses. As one red-eyed Floridian said at 4 a.m. last week, "Just think of all those stupid people home in bed."

END

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Australia sails to the fore

In opening trials for the America's Cup challengers, a new Aussie boat excelled

Why are they there? Why is Pelle Pettersson, the talented Swede who already has enough worlds to conquer, messing around in the sloppy seas off Newport trying to win the America's Cup in his little, heavily canvased boat *Sverige*? Why is Marcel Bach, the ball-point baron of France, back for a third try in his old wood hull, *France*, which a few

years ago spent the better part of a month on the bottom of a murky arm of the North Sea? Why is Alan Bond, the western Australian who spent a bundle and lost four straight to the Yanks in 1974, on hand again with a new boat, *Australia*? And why, oh why, is the eastern Australian, Gordon Ingate, a perennial second-ringer in 12-meser boats, trying in *Gretel II*, the wood Twelve that lost in 1970?

Not since the Christians met the lions in the Colosseum has there been such a one-sided sporting event as the America's Cup. Whereas in the past there was most often a single challenger willing to take his licks, now there are four, only one of which will have a chance to tangle with the lions. So why do they do it?

Pelle Pettersson, the newcomer to the game, gives the simplest answer: "Because the America's Cup is one of the greater things in yachting."

"Why did I get in it again?" Alan Bond says. "Because I thought we could improve our performance based on our experiences last time around."

"Why do I do it again?" says Baron Bach. "When you are once involved in the America's Cup, it is difficult to get out. I do not have shackles on my legs, of course, but the races and the boats are fantastic toys to play with, giving you maximum problems to solve. We are all here because we like to solve problems. If you do not enjoy problems, you don't belong in the America's Cup."

Gordon Ingate is in it primarily because he is Australian. Ever since an athlete from Down Under won two events in the first modern Olympics 81 years ago, taking part has been the Australian style. As Ingate puts it, "It is better to compete and lose than not compete at all."

Early last summer when Bond temporarily canceled his challenge because of differences with his designers, and another Aussie challenge foundered for want of funds, Ingate was in a yacht club bar with friends who were deploring the fact that Sweden and France would be after the cup in '77 and Australia would not. As Ingate remembers, someone said, "Any boat is better than no boat," whereupon Ingate put a note on the bar pledging money in five figures and it was immediately covered seven times. "So here we are," Ingate sums up, "a secondhand crew with an old boat."

Gretel II, Ingate's "old boat," has been rejuvenated by her designer, Alan Payne, in the hope that she might beat her rivals if the winds stay light. Ingate's "second-hand crew" is beyond rejuvenation: their average age is about 40 years. Struck by the venerability of the Ingate team, the Australian magazine *Modern Boating* headlined its introductory piece on them, "Children of America! Lock up your mothers. The Australians are coming!"

To begin to determine which will meet the U.S. defender in September, the foreign contenders agreed to hold a round robin, each boat meeting each of its rivals three times to derive a seeding for a semifinal in which the boats first winning four races will go to a four-out-of-seven final. In the semifinal the boat with the best round-robin record will meet the one with the worst; the No. 2 and No. 3 boats make the other pairing.

On the day before the round robin began last week, luxuriating in the fact that foreigners finally had a wholesome competition to sharpen a candidate for the actual challenge, Bond, the prime backer and team captain of *Australia*, said, "All the round robin does is seed us, but in part because of it, I think you will find the top two will get into the finals both far better for it. If it is light weather, it should be between ourselves and *Gretel*. If it's heavy weather, it will be ourselves and Sweden. That's my tipping, but then this is the America's Cup with all its unknown factors."

In its long history the America's Cup has known quite a few moments of unnecessary bitterness and recrimination. This year, what with three American boats in a hot fight for the honor to defend and four foreign teams after the cup, one might expect more hassling, but there has been none. The words of the original 120-year-old Deed of Gift of the cup—"for friendly competition between foreign countries"—has been honored almost to excess. When they are not scrapping in dead earnest on the sea, the rival crews, both U.S. and foreign, have spent a lot of time tossing bouquets at each other and firing salvos of good will.

In deciding which would meet the U.S. for the cup back in 1970, *France* and *Gretel II* fought it out during two races in light, bewildering air, changing leads often on the six-legged course, with *Gretel II* winning both. Until this year, these seesaw losses were the most glory *France*

continued



Australia leads *Sverige* at a downwind mark



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BOATING continued

had ever known on an America's Cup course. *Gretel II* led France around every mark of the final two races in 1970, and so did *Southern Cross* in her four races against France in 1974. On the first day of the round-robin series last week—mirabile!—the old France (Bich had picked her over his costly new toy *France II* as the faster boat) met the revamped *Gretel II*, won the start and hung onto the lead for four legs. Delighted that the French had shown so much spunk, rival crewmen who ordinarily would not have the temerity to get within five feet of Bich were shaking his hand and patting France's pint-sized skipper, Poppie Delfour, on the head. In the next "battle of the woodenclads," as the press came to call the match-up, *Gretel II* took France handily. The following day, when France managed to work out a skinny lead over Sverige and hold it to within one mile of the finish, there was more hand pumping and head patting. In the heart of America's Cuppers there is a special place for dogged losers, and at the rate he is climbing in the affection ratings Baron Bich will soon be right alongside Sir Tommy Lipton, the lovable old dispenser of tea bags and Gaelic charm.

By the time the round-robin series was two-thirds done, the outcome seemed predictable, although shadowed by some doubt. Every race was sailed in moderate southwesterlies, damp to the feel and sullen on the sails. In this weather *Australia* won all but one of her races (losing to zephyr-loving *Gretel II* Sunday by a whopping 4:25 in six-knot air), and France lost all six. *Gretel II* stood 4-2, Sverige 3-3. While *Australia*, the respected all-rounder, had no chance to prove herself over a range of winds, she looked very good (as front-runners usually do). But for all her looks, she was not the winner on every count. The prize for attacking from behind—sometimes ineffectively, if not foolishly—went to *Gretel II*. In one attempt to force Sverige into error, the semi-octogenarians on *Gretel II* tacked 12 times in six minutes, 20 seconds. That particular stint got her nowhere, primarily because the little Swedish boat seems more nimble than the others. In responding to tacks she dances around more like a Cal-40 in the Congressional Cup than a brontosaurus in a 12-meter in quest of the unreachable cup. Still, despite the opportunistic *Gretel II* and the nimble Sverige, the men of *Australia* were reaching highest.

END

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After 14½ rounds of waltzing to a rising chorus of boos, young Wilfredo Benitez suddenly unleashed a flurry of punches that left Jose Chavez just hanging around

Over the ropes is out

It was 10 a.m. the morning after, in an apartment close by Madison Square Garden, and the young man was already up and finished with breakfast when he would have had every right to be sleeping it off. You would think that he might have spent the night celebrating his 30th victory and the 23rd KO of his undefeated pro fighting career—particularly when you consider that his 19th birthday is next month.

But Wilfredo Benitez is a serious type and not the celebrating kind. "After the fight I come home," he said. "I look in the refrigerator. I eat some fruits. Then I go to bed." His years are belied by a neat black mustache, a week's beard and a

nearly somber expression. Wouldn't it have been natural for an 18-year-old to go out dancing after a fight that had left him unmarked and comparatively unexhausted and had enriched him by \$45,000? "I never go dance," said Wilfredo. "If I start to do that, I lose."

Fair enough. Not losing, as opposed to not clearly winning, was exactly what the young Puerto Rican had been doing for most of the previous evening's junior welterweight fight at the Garden. However, precisely what Wilfredo had not lost was open to question. Last November the World Boxing Association had taken away his world junior welterweight championship when he failed to defend

it against the ex-champ, Antonio Cervantes of Venezuela. Benitez claimed that he was unable to fight because of the aftereffects of an auto accident. The New York State Athletic Commission in effect sided with Wilfredo, allowing the Garden to match him for the New York version of the world title against Jose Chavez, a Venezuelan now living in Montreal and said to be the welterweight champion of Canada.

Chavez made his main impact when he appeared in the ring, his pearly white tuxedo clearly outpointing Wilfredo's conventional pink and white striped robe. It wasn't until Round 7, when Chavez landed a hard left, that he did any further scoring.

Long before that, however, the 11,236 customers at the Garden had lost all patience as Chavez, ducking low and bouncing out of range, introduced about as much body contact into the fight as you'd expect in a moderately passionate Ping-Pong match. By Round 2 the whistling had started; a beel-drumming theme was introduced in the third, followed by major-chord boosing in the fourth. Between rounds Benitez sat listening to his father-manager Gregorio, his face as impassive as the funeral mask of King Tut-an-khamen. Whatever Gregorio said, it had little effect. Benitez pursued Chavez, sometimes hurting him with jabs but never really catching him, always having the edge but never coming close to being the world-class puncher that experts had labeled him after he demolished Mel Dennis of Houston last March.

The pace was slow, but the crowd's dissonance stemmed from more than the stately tempo. In a preliminary bout, they had witnessed a thunder-and-lightning performance which whetted their appetites for another serving of slam-bang action. Now they felt doubly let down, for the true glory of the evening seemed already spent. That was when Junior Lightweight Alexis Arguello of Nicaragua—with no more than five punches—a left-right double, a left hook, a right to the body and a final right to the jaw—destroyed Jose Fernandez in a little over two minutes of the first round of their bout. The redoubtable Arguello, now 25 and having outgrown his world featherweight title, seems to be in a direct line for a WBA lightweight championship fight with Roberto Duran, by way, possibly, of a contest with Junior Lightweight Alfredo Escalera. That encounter might share the

continued

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hall with the Ali-Shavers bout in September at the Garden.

Not until the 12th round of the Benitez fight was there any action to compare with the explosion that Arguello had set off. Then, with the largely Puerto Rican crowd baying for Chavez' blood, came a sudden solid right that put Chavez halfway through the ropes. Strangely, Benitez failed to follow it up. In the 13th much of the crowd's attention was diverted to a rival fight that had broken out at the back of the arena, those not watching that more exciting battle were whistling their disgust at the inactivity in the ring. Even in the 14th round, when Chavez came close to going through the ropes again, hundreds of fans were leaving the Garden.

But then, a minute and a half into the last round, it all happened at once. Benitez rocked Chavez with a left uppercut, landed on a body shot and a left to the jaw. What followed set the world land speed record. Benitez threw no less than 22 punches in a blur, most of them to the head, climaxing the flurry with a final and positive right that knocked Chavez through the ropes and left him draped there like a rag doll. The fight was over. When Benitez finally lived up to his advance notices, he was magnificent.

In the dressing room, Wilfredo found it hard to get the noise of the boos out of his head. "They shout 'woo, woo' all the time at me," he said. "But in the 15th they all shout 'oooooh'."

That was a fair enough summary. He had held back, Benitez said, on the advice of his father, who had seen him starve for three days to get half a pound under the 140 limit. "Eighteen pounds was too much to lose. Maybe I trained too hard. I was short of breath. That crowd, they want action all the time, and I can't do it. I have to wait. I am fighting for my title. And that Chavez. He is a veteran. He's a good boxer. He don't have to say, 'I'm bad.'"

Clearly Chavez was not feeling bad, although he was plainly hurt around the eyes and forehead. Had he also been bothered by having to lose weight? No, he said, losing the fight was what bothered him. "My problem is my right hand," he said, claiming that a doctor had already diagnosed a break, or at least a crack, in one of the small bones. Because he was preoccupied at the time with jamming ice cubes into the neck of a water bottle with that same hand, the



Starving for a right, Benitez starts the series that marked the beginning of the end for Chavez.

alibi seemed curious. "I punched him in the 15th," Chavez said, warming to his theme, "and I felt the pain in my hand—oof! Then he unloaded on me. Twenty-two punches! Is that what it was?"

The truth is that both men were fighting under the handicap of having to make the weight, and Benitez is determined not to box at 140 pounds again. "I'm growing too much," he said. "I think I'm going to middleweight, even to light heavyweight. Soon I do 160-164 pounds. Someday I got to fight with a good guy in the middleweights because if I go on like I'm doing now, winning, winning, then I don't have a contender at welterweight. I got to fight at middleweight because nobody can beat me down here." However, there might be at least one bit of unfinished business down there before Wilfredo moves up. One likely match would be with Harold Weston of New York, against whom Benitez fought a draw in February, thereby sullyng his perfect record.

In that fight Benitez was the target of criticism for his apparently flippant attitude in the ring, for his Ali-style clowning that cost him the decision. He doesn't plan to clown any more. The only reason he had done it once was to catch a quick rest in the middle of a round, as Ali does. Certainly there was no indication that Benitez was anxious to play the ham against Chavez. And next morning he gave plenty of evidence that he is a very serious character, above all in the

respect he feels for his father, who took him back to Puerto Rico, away from the South Bronx and P.S. 124 when Wilfredo was seven. "My father played championship softball," Benitez says proudly. "and my brothers were good baseball players, but the neighborhood was deteriorating. He wanted to get us away from bad friendship."

At home in Puerto Rico, one good revolution seems to have gone by the board—to finish his senior year at high school. "The first people to dissuade me would be the students," he says with every appearance of sincerity. They would say, "Look, you'll get a diploma for this or that. But that is all they give you. You have the chance to know life because you have the right work." Sure, you need a diploma so that you can say, look, I went to high school. I finished. But there are a few I know got As and Bs, and I see them hanging around the streets. Drug addicts.

Maybe that is just a rationalization. Wilfredo's teachers tell him that he has missed too many classes. They watch him fall asleep in class because he's been out early in the morning, running. In any event, it seems highly unlikely that school will see him again. "What I am doing now," he says, "I have to enjoy it. Because of my youth. There are very few who have it so good."

Even if that means frug from the refrigerator and early to bed. For the moment, it seems to satisfy Wilfredo. **END**

A race he should've forgone

In the Whitney, Forego fell to his worst defeat, while Steve Cauthen set a record

Since it opened in 1864, the Saratoga racecourse has been known as the graveyard of favorites. Upset-handed Man o' War has lone defeat there in the Sanford Stakes of 1919; Jim Dandy sloshed through the mud at 100 to 1 to beat Gallant Fox in the 1930 Travers; and only four years ago a horse virtually unknown outside his own stable, Oncon, ran rings around Secretariat in the Whitney Stakes. Last Saturday, Saratoga added to its legend, and late that night it

was easy to imagine witches and warlocks cackling as they inscribed another commemorative plaque: Forego, age 7, ran worst race of life in 1977 Whitney, finishing last in field of seven by 18 lengths. Beaten by a 3-year-old.

A crowd of 28,819 braved fog, then mist, then rain, to watch Forego try to carry 136 pounds over a sloppy Saratoga track against a group of runners that are hardly household names. The six other horses in the field had been to the post 250 times and won only seven U.S. stakes races. Forego had accounted for 23 all by himself. But Forego was entering the Whitney following two losses in a row, during which he had earned high—perhaps excessive—weights. Early in July, after winning his first three 1977 outings, Forego finished second in the Suburban Handicap at Belmont Park under 138 pounds; three weeks later he lost in the Brooklyn while lugging 137.

Although Forego was second in the Brooklyn, the tough old gelding got himself whipped by 11 lengths, easily the worst defeat of his career. True, he had lost by as wide a margin in the 1973 Kentucky Derby, which was won by Secretariat, but in that race he had brushed against the rail on his way to ending up fourth, a solid excuse for fin-

ishing so far behind a great champion.

But Forego's Whitney loss was far worse than his defeat in the Brooklyn. When the gate opened, Nearly On Time, garnished with 103 pounds, including Steve Cauthen, skipped to the lead and rolled merrily along. At the top of the stretch Cauthen was five lengths in front, and the remarkable 17-year-old, who was in the process of winning his record 300th race in New York this year, could have ridden backward the rest of the way and still won.

Willie Shoemaker had Forego away from the starting gate alertly enough, but the horse settled back into seventh place and never budged. At no time did it look as if he was going to launch a challenge—or even drive for a piece of the purse. It was the first time in 47 races that he failed to bring back a hunk of the action.

Ninety minutes after the race, LeRoy Jolley stood under an elm on the backstretch, his trousers caked with mud from the winner's circle, and watched Nearly On Time cool out.

"This is a good colt," the trainer said. "As a 2-year-old he seemed to need five weeks between races to perform well, and that kept him out of the Triple Crown. But our patience with him has paid off [so far Nearly On Time has earned \$169,352], and there isn't much doubt that getting 33 pounds from Forego helped. But the Forego we beat today was not the real Forego. I know that because I've run against him enough. The real Forego doesn't finish last."

Where is the real Forego? Perhaps one of the most splendid careers in racing is about to come to an end. Any racetracker worth a hayloft of clichés will tell you that "weight stops a freight train," but in his last two defeats Forego lost so badly—by a total of 29 lengths—that his losses cannot be explained by a bromide. It seems more likely that Forego is following the pattern of many handicap horses: when they start sliding downhill, they go quickly, victimized by age, infirmities and high weights.

For a long time Forego's trainer, Frank Whiteley Jr., has been complaining about the weights New York Racing Secretary Tommy Trotter has been slapping on his horse, yet until the last two races those weights brought Forego and his opponents extremely close together. In the 1977 Suburban Handicap, Forego carried 138 pounds and Quiet Little Table toted 114. Winner: Quiet Little Table



Cauthen had Nearly On Time in front all the way en route to his 300th victory in New York this year

by a neck. 1977 Nassau County Handicap—Forego 136, Co Host 110. Winner. Forego by half a length. 1977 Metropolitan Handicap—Forego 133, Co Host 111. Winner. Forego by two lengths. 1976 Marlboro Cup—Forego 137, Honest Pleasure 119. Winner. Forego by a head. 1976 Woodward Handicap—Forego 135, Dance Spell 115. Honest Pleasure 121. Winner. Forego by 1 1/4 lengths, with Dance Spell and Honest Pleasure in a dead heat for second.

Many experts wondered why Whiteley started Forego in the wet Whitney. On the morning of the race, Mariba Gerry, the gelding's owner, was asked if he would start. "I doubt it very much," she said. "Not on a track like that." But Mrs. Gerry had wanted Forego to run at Saratoga; the fans there, she said, could then see the horse and see that his last race was just too bad to be true. So she and Whiteley decided to let Forego go, and their decision backfired disastrously. Now Forego will have to find his old form in a hurry if he is to become a four-time Horse of the Year and the first \$2 million winner. He has won \$1,818,957.

Before the Whitney, Mrs. Gerry had been receiving letters concerning the weights her horse had been forced to carry. "Many of them," she said, "are cop-

ies of angry letters that have been sent to Tommy Trotter." Mrs. Gerry is not a complainer, but she did say, "Forego lost his last race by 11 lengths carrying 137 pounds, and Trotter dropped him only a pound for the Whitney. That doesn't seem fair." When Whiteley was asked about the pound drop, he said, "Are we talking about 16 ounces? Yeah, that's one hell of a drop—16 ounces."

Yet another old racing expression ("You can't get any weight off by saying in the barn") could have been a telling factor in the decision to race Forego at Saratoga. Mrs. Gerry and Whiteley may have figured that if he won, that would be fine—and if he lost, that would be fine, too. After all, now that he has sustained two crushing defeats, Forego finally seems likely to get the kind of weight drop that could allow him to return to his old, majestic form. Of course, if Forego is wearing out, the decision to race him on an unfavorable track under so much weight could hardly have been a good one for the horse.

That is a perfect example of the quandary that the owners of handicap horses and racing secretaries find themselves in. Many horsemen feel that Forego's weights should be dropped along with those of his competition. Alfred Gwynne

Vanderbilt says, "There used to be jockeys around who could make 100 pounds, or even into the 90s. I hear all the time that there just aren't enough riders around today who can get that low and, therefore, the weights must stay up. I think it should be the responsibility of the trainers to find such riders. Also, Forego has to start out his year in the handicaps, and if he wins, his weights necessarily go up. There just aren't enough weight-for-age races left, and the few that are come up in the fall."

Thus in attempting a comeback Forego will not have the luxury of a weight-for-age race until mid-October. "He'll run in the Woodward Handicap on Sept. 17 if we like the weights Trotter gives us," says Whiteley. "If not, we ain't going to run. Then we'd run in the Marlboro Cup after that. I'm sure that Seattle Slew's people took note of Forego's losses. But remember that Forego loves the fall. He doesn't like hot weather, and it has been hot before these losses."

Although Whiteley feels that Seattle Slew will face Forego in the Woodward and in the Marlboro Cup, setting up a dramatic fall racing season for Belmont Park, he may be disappointed. Slew's co-owner, Jim Hill, says, "We feel his next race is the second most important of his life, right behind the Belmont. We probably made a mistake by going to Hollywood Park, where he was beaten by J. O. Tobin. But that's behind us now. If Slew comes back and wins a race against 3-year-olds, then we might take on Forego in the Jockey Club Gold Cup at weight for age."

Nearly On Time was at the other end of the scale in the Whitney. His 103 pounds made him the lightest-weighted horse to win the race in the 23 years it has been contested as a handicap. That fact undoubtedly helped Cauthen get his record win, which surpassed the 299 victories Jorge Velasquez had in New York in 1976. It was also the second-richest win of Cauthen's young life. He should have many more like it, but because of the wear and tear of handicap racing, Forego may not. Each race could be his last, and one more defeat like the one he sustained in the Whitney would demean him. Mrs. Gerry knows—or, at least, she should—that money records are quickly forgotten in racing. But memories of horses that retire while they are still thought of as champions are not. **END**



Eighteen lengths behind the winner in last place, Forego suffered his third consecutive beating.



Sadeharu Oh's hokey-pokey, bat-on-helmet style may look funny, but any day now Japan's national hero should break Henry Aaron's home run record

by Frank Deford

Move over for Oh-san





CONTINUED



Ten minutes at the mirror a day keeps strikeouts away.

The question most often posed about Sadaharu Oh by parochial Americans (a species every bit as prevalent as ugly ones) is whether or not he would be a great star in the United States. It is not an admirable curiosity, being diverting as well as condescending, and keeps us from properly considering the man in his own environment, in his own context. Of course Oh would be a bum if he played over here, just as Winston Churchill never could have cut it in the U.S., just as Chekhov never could have denied *The Great White Way*, just as Nijinsky never could have gotten to first base with our genu-wine major league dancers. Because there are only 113 million Japanese and because they have been playing baseball for only 105 years, it is foolishness to think that a single one of these tiny little folks could excel at our great American game.

So now that we have that settled, let us examine this athlete who has hit 742 home runs, more than Babe Ruth and, soon, more than Henry Aaron, more than anyone in the world.

Mister Oh—Japanese often address one another in this formal manner—is

an extraordinary figure, make no mistake. There are two things that immediately establish his singularity. First, he has a highly distinctive batting style. Second, no athlete has ever been more revered in his country. To be sure, others in smaller or less sophisticated lands—Pelé in Brazil, for example, Nurmí in Finland, Borg in Sweden—may have attained comparable stature, but at 37 Oh-san reigns supreme in one of the most powerful industrial nations on earth.

Baseball is unchallenged in Japan as the national game; there is no football for competition, no basketball. Nor does Japan have any renowned boxers, runners, tennis stars. It is most significant, perhaps, that Oh surpasses Babe Ruth more as a national figure than he does as a home-run king. There is not even any great Japanese hero in show business. There is no reigning Japanese Robert Redford, not even a Japanese King Kong, because the Japanese—ever mindful of commercial trends—have turned from Godzilla to soft porn. As a popular cultural celebrity, there is in this rich island nation only one supreme hero, and that is Sadaharu Oh, Mister Oh, Oh-san, No. 1.

Marty Kuehnert, the astute American

sporting goods executive who once ran a Japanese baseball team, married a Japanese and has lived in Japan for years, says, "No one in America can conceive of Mister Oh's place here. He possesses almost a godlike image."

It is an event to see him bat, which helps explain why there is seldom an empty seat whenever he plays with his team, the Yomiuri Giants of Tokyo. When Mister Oh stands at the plate, one senses not only that here is a national treasure but a natural wonder. If it has been your lot all your life to watch hitters, thousands of them, good and bad, old and young, rich and poor, of all races, colors and creeds, all of them attempting to strike a baseball while keeping both feet on the ground . . . and then suddenly before you looms the figure of a champion hitter about to club the old horsehide with one foot held aloft—poising it there, as in the manner of the hokey-pokey ("You put your right foot in and you shake it all about")—the scene is at once astounding and discombobulating.

Oh's foot-aloft batting style is, in fact, a feat of exquisite concentration and balance—almost physiological legerdemain—but so peculiar is it that at first

shocked glance one's thoughts tend to run to the irreverent (dogs addressing hydrants) or to the comic (the bouncier-than-bat Jackie Gleason, grasping glass instead of bat, bellowing, "And awaaaay we go").

This pitch is low and far outside, as are so much to Mister Oh. Question to Clyde Wright, ex-U.S. major-leaguer, now a teammate on the Giants: What do they throw to Oh-san?

"Balls."

The pitcher prepares again. Oh, who stands just under 6 feet and weighs 174 pounds, positions himself in the very rear of the box. He smooths out the dirt and taps the plate, in the comfortable manner of Father, resting in his La-Z-Boy and knocking ashes from his pipe. Pitching a batter tight, never mind a beanball, is not acceptable in Japan, and dusting off Mister Oh would be akin to blasphemy. Dug in now, Oh cocks his bat. It is long and thin, 34½", 33 ounces. He holds it far down at the bottom—barehanded, no batting glove—and he tilts the barrel forward, an odd maneuver, almost as unusual as the leg lift. Sometimes, as he awaits the poor pitcher's delivery, Oh actually rests the bat on the peak of his helmet.

Now the Yakult Swallows' sidearm whips down. Almost precisely as the ball is released, Oh raises his right foot, drawing it up like a flamenco. And the bat tenses in his hands, shifting into gear. The pitch appears good, and at once the bat and the leg thrust forward in tandem. Oh says he never purposely tries to hit a home run, but he also says, "The moment I decide to swing I am determined to crash that ball to pieces." And then in the next instant the ball is lifted in a deceptively lazy parabola that carries it over the fence in right center, where the overflow of the crowd of 50,000 is packed on a hillside.

This is Jingu Park, ancient home grounds of the Swallows, a place redolent of decades of the concessionaire's fish, and now, for Mister Oh's home run, it explodes in a roar that transcends team loyalties. Streamers pour onto the field. Banners are waved. By the time Oh-san reaches home, all his teammates are lined up on the field in front of the dugout, and he troops the line, slapping palms along the way. Mister Oh permits himself a contented smile.

What does it feel like to hit a home run? He nods with pleasure, delighted.

He replies with relish. "First of all, I feel that I have conquered the pitcher. Hey, I feel great. I feel triumphant. Despite all that he has tried, I have done the ultimate as a batter. I have won unconditionally." As the interpreter repeats these remarks in English, Mister Oh is nodding with satisfaction, and when they are concluded he smiles in benediction. This time, for sure, nothing has been lost in translation.

In jaunty sports clothes, smoking and joking, Oh is obviously a man who can enjoy himself. His is an open face, although he is not an especially handsome man, and he is, it turns out, an exemplary human being. Two encomiums, from East and West, are representative. First, from Oh's manager, Shigeo Nagashima, who was known as the Brooks Robinson of Japan when he was the teammate of the Babe Ruth of Japan: "In a word, Mister Oh's a good guy—a very kindly fellow, quite a gentleman. He's considerate of others. Every member of the team feels proud of him, because he is not only the No. 1 player but the No. 1 man."

And from Davey Johnson of the Phillies, who played with Oh the past two seasons: "He's just a super guy—dedicated, the hardest worker around, and he's fun to be with. He's just a great guy."

And so on and so forth. Scratch anybody who has ever been acquainted with

Oh-san and a similar testimonial bleeds, until tedium finally coagulates it. Given his accomplishment and his personality, this great player's face would no doubt have replaced the rising sun on the Japanese flag by now except for the nagging little inconvenience that Mr. Oh is not Japanese.

Sadaharu Oh is Chinese on his father's side. His father even used to run a Chinese restaurant, and Oh still carries a Nationalist Chinese passport. His unusual foreign name (which means king) is written like this in Japanese: 王; it stands out on the scoreboard as much as if it were written 王. All the Japanese players' names are composed of two characters, and the American names are phonetically converted into two characters. Then there is 王.

Oh's mother is Japanese, and he was born in Tokyo on May 20, 1940, but what would be a saving grace elsewhere does not work in Japan. Just as you cannot be a little bit pregnant, neither can you be a little bit Japanese. The Chinese are viewed ambivalently, inasmuch as a great deal of island culture came from the mainland, but it is a distant, formal appreciation. While Oh says he has been officially discriminated against only once—when he was forbidden to play in a high school tournament that admitted only full bloods—his alienage is, uh, undersubdued.

It is the astonishingly handsome Na-

continued



Thanks to Oh's magnetism, Tokyo's Yomiuri Giants average almost 45,000 for home games.

gashima who is "Mister Giant." When at last it was no longer possible for Oh to be dismissed as Nagashima's second banana, they were linked as the Giants' O & N Gun. Now, the man who usually bats third ahead of Oh is Isao Harimoto, who is the Ty Cobb of Japan or the Rogers Hornsby or the Pete Rose or the somebody—everybody in Japanese baseball is the Somebody-from-America of Japan. Playing for the Nippon Ham Fighters, Harimoto hit a Japanese rec-

year Harimoto lost another batting title on the last day of the season by 00006 of a point to a full-blooded Japanese on the Chunichi Dragons. The whispers are that the team playing the Dragons went into the tank in the final game to help the Japanese beat the Korean.

Illegal sign-stealing is fairly common in Japan. To hear it, half the population has binoculars zeroed in on the catchers. Last year the Hiroshima Toyo Carp found an effective new way to pirate

he says. "By not having to vote I can think about baseball more." Ah so.

And yet, whatever Oh's heritage may have cost him, his affiliation with the Giants has profited him tenfold. It is difficult for an American to understand the exalted position of the Giants. The Japanese prize harmony, consensus, and the Giants certainly satisfy this need, diamondwise. Essentially, the other 11 teams in the two leagues serve as foils for the beloved Giants. Almost every Giant game is televised nationally—and damn the local gate. A kids' TV cartoon show features the Giants. The Giants may be the only Japanese club to make money. The Pacific League is, to experts, clearly superior to the Central, on the order of our National to American, but the Central outdraws the Pacific three to one.

With nearly 3 million home attendance last year, the Giants almost matched the entire Pacific League. Mister Oh and his colleagues average 45,000 a game at Koraku-en, their home park, which they share with the Pacific League Ham Fighters, who draw 13,600 a game. The stadium was constructed before the "Pacific War" (the Second World War is something else again, it seems, involving a fellow named Hitler and an altogether different bunch), but unlike most of the antiquated parks in the two leagues, Koraku-en is clean and modern, with artificial turf and a \$1 million scoreboard that lights up "Go! Go!" and whatnot. Bright banners and carp streamers wave, pom-pom girls dance on the dug-out roof to encourage the shy Japanese to vent their emotions, and vendors hawk everything from noodles to Scotch. The wonder is the Giants ever lose.

In point of fact, from 1965 through 1973 they won nine straight Japan Series. The Giants slipped a bit in '74, finishing second, and when Nagashima retired at the end of that season, going out in a hail of flower bouquets, he was named manager. This proved to be catastrophic. The Giants tumbled to the cellar, and Oh, pressing to help his friend and manager, hit only 33 home runs, failing to win the title for the first time in more than a decade. Coming off two consecutive Triple Crowns, his .285 and 96 RBIs also seemed disgraceful, and he agreed to a pay cut to certify his abject failure. "I saw myself as the main engine," he laments now, "and when things went bad, I felt more irritated, more re-



"Mister Oh's a good guy, and every member of the team feels proud of him," says his manager.

ord .383 in 1970 and won six Pacific League batting titles. Two years ago, in a blockbuster deal, he was traded to the Senior Circuit—the Central League—to bat third for the Giants, to form the O & H Gun.

Like Oh, Harimoto is not Japanese, though he was born in Hiroshima. Both his parents are Korean, and the Koreans, the one significant immigrant body in Japan, are looked down upon. Last

sign, but this beautiful gift was withheld not only from the two Americans on the team but also from a player who was half-Japanese.

In a sense, then, Mister Oh's rise to national eminence is all the more impressive, inasmuch as he has had to overcome a cultural disadvantage. Yet he has no intention of becoming a Japanese citizen. "Everybody knows I'm Chinese, so what's the sense of becoming Japanese?"

sponsible—and it went on like that, a vicious circle."

Because the Giants' prowess is in real measure a cornerstone of Japanese popular culture, their nosedive became nearly symbolic of national failure. Attendance improved as people thronged the parks to sympathize with poor Nagashima and poor Oh and to cheer them up. Heartened, the Giants bounced back to win another pennant in '76, with Mister Oh leading the league with 49 homers and 123 RBIs while hitting .325. And the best goes on. This year the Giants are 7½ games in front, and Mister Oh has 26 more homers and a .296 batting average.

Given the historical imperatives of the Giants, it should not come as a total shock to learn that the more cynical experts—that is, 98% of them—believe the Giants obtain the benefit of the doubt. Clyde Wright freely admits that he agreed to play in Japan when American players assured him he would get a larger strike zone pitching for the Giants; he allows that he has not been disappointed in this regard. The Japanese respect authority, of course, but they prefer negotiated group decisions; the arbitrary authority vested in one man, an umpire, nettles them. As a consequence, Japanese umpires tend to be wishy-washy sorts who want to harmonize with the will of the public, which is that the Giants win. Mister Oh let it slip once that he got four strikes each time up, and while he denies that remark now, he probably does get four strikes, except when he gets five. The only thing that clouds Mister Oh's record is that he accomplished it with GIANTS written across his breast.

As the greatest Japanese player in history on the "national" team, Mister Oh is a prisoner of fame. Fans have discovered where his house is—in a fancy suburb about 30 minutes from Korakuen—and loiter there expectantly. The boldest have even ventured into the garage to leave adoring graffiti. Public appearances are impossible, in or out of season. "I can't escape anymore," Oh says. "It has become almost intolerable. But"—and he pauses and draws on his cigarette—"this is a situation which I have caused myself, and since I have invited it, I must overcome it."

Successing him is the 64,000,000 yen (\$215,000) he paid taxes on last year,

which includes endorsement fees for such varied products as clothes and cookies, Peppis and cameras. Presumably, much of his salary is deferred. He is not an extravagant man and he has looked after his family well. He has been married for 10 years and has three daughters. Every Japanese is expected to have a hobby: Oh plays golf to a 12 handicap.

He reasonably expects to enjoy another three or four years with the Giants, and while the nouveau Pacific League indulges designated hitters, it is inconceivable that Oh and the Giants—unlike Ruth and the Yankees, Aaron and the Braves—could ever be rent asunder. On the other hand, it is not unlikely that the Central League might adopt the DH in order to keep its meal ticket around for a few extra years. Oh himself is noncommittal. "I'm so exhausted, mentally and physically, from playing baseball that I've never even had the time to think about the future," he says. "All I know is that whenever I do stop playing, I'm going to take a good rest. I need a pause in my life."

This is not idle exaggeration; suffice it to say that Dick Allen would not last the weekend in Japan, where the Protestant work ethic is stronger than it ever has been with Protestants. For a 1:30 game, Oh arrives at 10:30; the first subs go in the batting cage at 8:30. The pitchers—usually including even the day's starter—throw hard. The coaches scrutinize, ready to bench any regular whose practice performance is not up to snuff.

Oh gets no respite from this enervating routine. After almost half an hour in the batting cage, he goes to the clubhouse, where, lest he grow rusty, he swings a bat before a full-length mirror for another 10 minutes. Then he hoes himself back to the diamond, where a coach spends 15 minutes or so slapping hard grounders just past his reach, so that he must run and stretch for every one. Here he is, 37 years old, the finest player in the game—"and you couldn't find a better-fielding first baseman," says Davey Johnson—being worked over daily in the noon heat of summer. Off days—especially after a defeat—mean grueling two- or three-hour team practices. But every player endures this schedule, and Oh-san endures it best. In one stretch of 13 seasons he missed two games. Late every season, when most players' averages are falling even faster than their weights, Oh finishes with an inhuman

rush. "The muggy weather does in the guys who haven't trained hard all along," he says.

Oh doesn't get any star perks off the field, either. On the road, he is required to share a room, and, moreover, he is lodged not with a mature contemporary but with a kid pitcher, so that he might pass on his vast experience. The Japanese devotion to group is well known and satirized, and it is as evident on a baseball team as on a Hawaii tourist expe-



First baseman Oh cannot escape his fate.

dition. The players are sequestered at out-of-the-way inns, where they eat together, and after games they climb into their pajamas and communally dissect the evening's competition. The American players, two to a team, known as *gaijin* (literally, "outside persons") are permitted to stay in Western-type hotels and room on their own on the road, but Mister Oh is expected to devote himself fully to the group.

continued

Baseball is a total experience. Oh-san, and virtually every other player in the league, wears an unfashionable crew cut—"the image of a sportsman," says Manager Nagashima—to mark them as an elite, a modern samurai. The demands of the schedule and the pressures of his own exalted position are such that Mister Oh smokes nervously during the season—often taking only two or three puffs and then jamming his cigarette out. When the season is over, he has no trouble giving up the habit.

The traditional emphasis upon the group has also inhibited the popularity of Mister Oh's game, the long ball. Ruth changed our whole style of play, but despite Oh, baseball in Japan is still a noble game. It is culturally important to get ahead, and so even the Giants will play for one run in the first inning. It is maddening, but if the leadoff man gets to first, the second batter (who was hitting about .340 this spring) would be ordered to bunt—and then there was a pretty good chance that if the sacrifice worked, the leadoff man might foul it all up by trying to steal third; all this with Harimoto, the batter with the highest average in Japanese history, now at bat, and Oh, the greatest home-run hitter, on deck.

This dead-ball style evolved years ago, when Japanese were smaller and couldn't hit for distance. The generations that have grown to maturity since the war, however, are taller and stronger—the result of a more varied diet and, it is also speculated, of not sitting cross-legged so much during the growing years. But the Japanese still seem unsure of their strength. Likewise, the one-run game appeals more to the group ethic, requiring more cooperation—and also more discussion.

In a way, Mister Oh is a cultural aberration. Pitcher pitches—he swings for the fences. The prevailing style is to avoid confrontation, so that pitchers tend to shave corners with junk, and batters like to take whenever possible. Roger Repoz, the former major league outfielder who has played with the Yakult Swallows for four years and is a keen student of the Oriental game, says, "The pitchers cut everything too fine. So it's 2 and 0. Now in the U.S., on 2 and 0 I know the pitcher has got to come in with a strike, and he knows that I'm ready to hit it. That is our game: you vs. me. Here, most pitchers will still be cute on 2 and 0, and most hitters are going to take anyway."

But Oh comes to hit, and he'll go after the first pitch if it's there. Very few pitchers will play his game, however. In his career Oh has been walked almost one out of every four times up, and has led both leagues in bases on balls every year since 1961. In 1974 he was walked 166 times, hitting his 49 home runs in only 385 at bats.

The most homers Oh-san ever hit in a season was 55, playing a 140-game schedule, but he has topped almost every other American home run record—and he has won five batting titles (lifetime 305, same as Aaron) and numerous fielding honors. He has averaged a homer about every 10.5 times at bat. He will pass Aaron's 755 with fewer than 8,000 at bats, while Aaron required 12,364. As they joke (also) even in Japan, the man who does that ain't hitting Chinese homers.

Mister Oh is, obliquely, a professional descendant of the Sultan of Swat, for Ruth's visit to Japan in 1934 spurred the creation of professional baseball there. The Yomiuri Company, Japan's second largest newspaper publisher, founded the Giants, and by 1937 other big companies had subsidized enough teams to form the Japanese Professional League, later to be called the Central League. Naturally, the Giants, first among equals, won the first pennant and most of the rest until play was suspended in 1944. By 1949, with the coming of postwar stability, the Giants were back on top.

There are four teams playing in the Tokyo area, but it is the Giants who have appropriated the capital name and wear Tokyo—in English—across their chests on the road. They were so powerful that for years, unlike the other clubs, they dismained importing American *gaijin*. A huge Russian pitcher, Victor Starffin, 6'4", 230, born in the northern island of Hokkaido, was an early Giant star, and Wally Yonamine, a Hawaiian Nisei, was a batting champion in the '50s for the Giants, but otherwise the team was content to take the pick of the domestic litter until 1975, when the Giants brought in Davey Johnson to replace Nagashima. Johnson had a miserable first year at third base, but when shifted to second in 1976 he became the first *gaijin* ever elected an All-Star.

Today the Giants employ two *gaijin*—Pitcher Wright and Infielder Jack Lind, from the Dodger farm system—just like all the other clubs, because they are not

as strong as they used to be. The amateur draft system, as in the U.S., gives the weaker clubs a chance in the market. When young Mister Oh came out of high school in 1959, the bonus system was still in effect and naturally he picked the class team, which paid him a \$55,000 bonus. In a country where high school baseball is a passion, the son of a Chinese restaurant owner was already a national figure. In one big game, he clouted a home run so far the ball struck a distant power line and caused a black-out. Still, in the hot hibachi league, a lot of the Punch-and-Judy advocates argued that the kid should stick to pitching.

The Giants paid the \$55,000 for a hitter, however. But he was no Al Kaline of Japan. The 18-year-old Oh went 0 for 35 before he hit his first home run on April 26, 1959, and he did not fully mature until 1962, when he hit 38 home runs. By then he was completely committed to the flamingo style, which had been taught to him by a former player named Hiroshi Arakawa.

Mr. Arakawa is a chunky little fellow, as animated as he is powerful. He is full of little party tricks. Try to lift him even an inch off the ground—can't do it; and so forth. Also, he has things in perspective. Laughing, he says, "Hey, as long as Oh-san is No. 1, I can make a lot of money." At present, this felicitous association helps keep his prosperous baseball school going and assures his job as a Giants' radio commentator. Arakawa was the Giants' batting coach for nine seasons, as well as a manager and journeyman outfielder with a number of second-rate teams.

"Master Oh and I were destined to meet each other," Arakawa intones. And so when fate took him for a stroll in the park one day 23 years ago, he spied the 14-year-old Chinese boy playing in a pickup game. Arakawa took an interest in the prospect, his motive at the time being to steer him to his alma mater, the Waseda Business School. Agreeable and pliant, flattered by the attentions of a big leaguer, Oh immediately took Mr. Arakawa's advice and switched from hitting right-handed to swinging left.

The one-leg business came a few years later. Mel Ott, an earlier Occidental Giant, was, of course, famous for raising his leg as he swung, but Ott was not the inspiration for Arakawa's instruction. Nor did Arakawa have in mind a particular batting technique. In the sense

continued

that Americans change their stance to "get around on the ball better" or to "see lefties better" or whatever. No, it was much more than that.

It will help, perhaps, to read this excerpt from *The Japanese*, a new book by Edwin O. Reischauer, a former U.S. ambassador to Japan and the accepted U.S. authority on the Japanese. On the subject of skill, he writes: "The individual is supposed to learn to merge with the skill until his mastery of it has become effortless. He does not establish intellectual control over it so much as a spiritual oneness with it. We are reminded of the original Buddhist concept of losing one's identity by merging with the cosmos through enlightenment. But the significant point is that acquiring a skill is essentially an act of will—of self-control and self-discipline. . . . Mastery of a skill is seen more a matter of developing one's inner self rather than one's outer muscle."

To the Westerner this may sound like a lot of mumbo jumbo. "Don't give me

all that one-leg stuff," says Clyde Wright. "If Oh-san kept both feet on the ground like everybody else, he would hit 70 a year." But Arakawa taught batting from a mystical. Zen point of view, and Oh bought it that way.

Says Mr. Arakawa: "Frankly, I'm not so sure that you are not more unbalanced starting to stride with both feet on the ground. I'm not so sure. But whatever, a pitcher who sees a batter lift up one foot thinks, 'Aha, you dummy, you have made yourself even more vulnerable to my tricks.' So only a man with a great positive attitude like Oh's could have the confidence to hit this way. You see, it makes him believe in himself, in his ability, all the more."

Mr. Arakawa is an expert in aiki-do, a martial art that combines judo, karate and Zen, and he borrowed various principles of aiki-do in teaching Mister Oh how to swing one-legged. "Aiki-do teaches how, in the most natural way, you can produce the most strength," he explains. "You see, it is not the style itself which

gives Oh his maximum power—although it may help. It is the fact that the style permits him to concentrate better." Arakawa has specifically refused to teach Oh the whole discipline of aiki-do, because, he says craftily, "Mister Oh can hit better than me, but he would be inferior to me at aiki-do, and then he would lose confidence in himself."

Notwithstanding, it takes someone with tremendous balance, reflexes and hand-eye coordination to bat in the peculiar way Mister Oh does. And the one-leg business aside, Arakawa also instructed Oh in batting by dropping a piece of paper and having him try to slice it with a samurai sword as it fell. Even now, when Oh practices swinging, he slashes down with the bat, as you would with a sword. Then at the plate he swings as level as anyone. The most telling assessment of Oh the hitter is that American players who have seen him often and are not conditioned to think of him strictly as a power hitter invariably compare him to one American hitter—Rod Carew.

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"When it comes to hitting," Mister Oh says, "I like to think of the batter in terms of a triangle, with his head at the peak. On the one hand, I want to restrict the movement of the head, while, on the other, increasing the movement of the base of the triangle—the hips. That's where a batter's power comes from. I want my center of gravity moving. Frankly, my power is not what it used to be. My explosive power is gone. But now I think I have a more sophisticated reaction to hitting. In fact, now I think I know the game so well that it is difficult for me ever to be satisfied with whatever I do."

Certainly, at 37 he is not the consistent marvel he used to be. Earlier this year, when he had gone more than two weeks without a homer, the Hanshin Tigers actually walked Hamamoto to get to Oh. That woke him up. He went with a 2-and-1 pitch low on the outside corner for a wrong-field double—and then hit a home run in three straight games. Teams often employ a Williams shift against Oh, leaving only the third baseman on the left side of the diamond, but Oh deals with the maneuver perfectly, picking his spots as to when to hit away from it. It would be a loss of face, he maintains, if he permitted the shift to dictate to him, but it would also be stupid and selfish for him not to try to pick it apart now and then.

So, all right, how would Mister Oh have done in the U.S.? Unquestionably, he would have been a great star, a drawing card, a Hall of Famer. No sensible person could dispute that. Probably, he would have hit a home run about every 15 or 16 times at bat (like Aaron, Mays and Mantle, for example) instead of every 10.5. It is true that Japanese parks are slightly smaller than those in the U.S.—300 down the lines, 395 to center—but it is also true that Japanese pitchers are not quite as strong and don't throw as hard, so that batters must generate their own power. Had Oh grown up playing in a culture in which the brushback was part of life, he surely would have adjusted. On the other hand, the Japanese season, annually plagued by a long rainy spell, has never consisted of more than 140 games and was stabilized at 130 (ties included) some time ago. Oh once hit 51 home runs in 130 games. Put an asterisk next to that and call him the Roger Maris of Japan.

One American player keeps coming to mind when you think of Oh. When you think of physique, durability, temper-

ment, selflessness, batting genius and all-round ability (both started as pitchers), you think of Stan Musial—or, as some of us know him, the Sadaharu Oh of St. Louis. Musial hit 475 home runs and batted .331. In the U.S. Oh probably would have hit a few more homers and had a slightly lower average, and then, like Musial, be enshrined in the Hall of Fame as quickly as ballots could be distributed.

But because the Japanese are a self-conscious people, holding back their emotions behind polite plaster smiles, so does Mister Oh graciously parry any comparisons to Aaron and American baseball. When he has played touring American teams in Japan or spring exhibitions in the States, he has always leaned over backwards protesting how big and strong the Americans are (one feels that Sony and Datran offered up the same sentiments the day before they came in and busted up our marketplace). For \$20,000 of network money, Oh did engage Aaron in a home-run batting practice gig a few years ago (Aaron won 10-9), which bequeathed us nothing lasting except a vintage Yogi Berraism: "Aaron could beat that Nip in the dark at LaGuardia."

Mister Oh is himself somewhat more circumspect on the general subject. "When Aaron was going after Ruth," he says, "at least some people pointed out the tremendous differences between the two men, between their times, between their baseball. In that way, just as it is difficult to compare Ruth and Aaron fairly, so is it difficult, I think, to compare me in Japan with them in the U.S. People don't believe me when I say this, but I honestly don't feel any pressure on me with regard to Aaron's record. I'm quite satisfied just to be the guy in Japan who hit 700-odd home runs. That's enough for me."

The Giants are planning a celebration when he hits No. 756. But how much more can this affect Oh? He has been the cynosure of a nation for years. He has lost his privacy and he has played before SRO almost every game. The press can be no more exhaustive. There was a two-hour prime-time TV special on Mister Oh last spring. A newspaper ran a 30-part series on him, and the most revealing aspect of this interminable biography was that there was no more of him to reveal. The 30 parts did not disclose a single new fact about the man, or insight into his character. How can you be op-

pressed by a number and a distant American name when you are already toting a nation's adulation on your back? "I am honored for baseball," Mister Oh says.

But if he will be spared the pressure that Aaron—or Maris or Denny McLain—had to deal with, he must endure a kind of scrutiny which would be painful to almost anyone in his society. "I am by nature a very shy fellow," Mister Oh says. "I don't like grandstand plays. But I'm never uncomfortable out on the field because I don't have to meet the fans face-to-face. People come to see me concentrate on baseball. They don't come to look me in the face, and I'm grateful for that."

But he will certainly find, as the inevitable No. 756 draws nearer, that there will be a closer and more affectionate examination of his face. Home-run records have marked the men who set them in different ways. Ruth became a phenomenon, Aaron a hero; Oh-san is already both of these, and so he can only become more of a personality. Especially for a man from his culture, that will be the hardest accommodation. But we can expect Mister Oh to make it.

And then, strangely but surely, the only pressure left will be upon us, upon baseball in the United States.

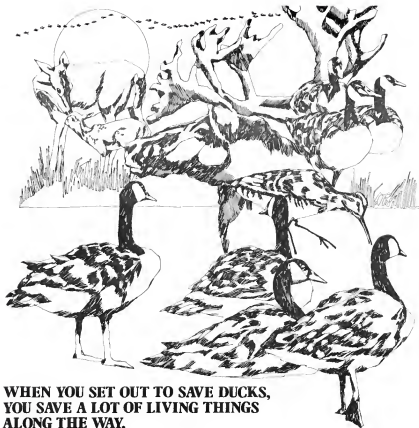
There will be a day in August 1982 when Henry Aaron will stand proudly upon a platform in Cooperstown, N.Y., to be presented with a bronze bas-relief of himself. Then it will go upon the wall inside. The people will cheer him, a band will play, the photographers will photograph and demand that his wife Billye kiss him again. The sunlight will bounce off Lake Osego and the breezes will push down the Susquehanna. Maybe there will be another player or two up there with Aaron. Maybe Frank Robinson, who hit 586 home runs; maybe Eddie Mathews, who hit 512; maybe Al Kaline, who hit 399; maybe Roger Maris, who hit 275; maybe Sadaharu Oh, who hit 861 before he retired in 1981.

What a glorious thing that would be if Mister Oh stood with Mr. Aaron on the threshold of Cooperstown. What a great day for baseball. What a great day for American baseball.

But, of course, the Special Committee will put in another octogenarian umpire from the Federal League, instead.

Seriously now, do you think Joe DiMaggio could have hit in 56 straight games in Japan?

END



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FOR THE RECORD

A month of the week Aug. 1-7

ARCHERY—RICH MCKINNEY of Marquette led both the world double round scoring record with 2,336 points, and won the national championships at Miami (Ohio) University over defender Darrell Pace. LUANN RYON of Riverside, Calif. led the women's title.

BOXING—WILFREDO BENITEZ of Puerto Rico was the New York State version of the prizefighter who wears the crown when he swapped Venezuela's Jose Gaitanero, boxer of 140 of the 13th round, at Madison Square Garden (page 37).

JOSE PIPINO CUEVAS, Jr., of Merano City, Mexico, fully defended his WBA welterweight crown for the third time when he knocked out Clyde Gray of Canada at 1:26 of the second round in Los Angeles.

PW FOOTBALL—Playing without holdout All-Pro QB Laverne and Mel Brown, Pittsburgh opened its season schedule by defeating 0-10 San Buffalo 28-24 on Sunday at Civic Arena. The Steelers' defense was superb. Earliest in the week Simpson had been claimed as injured, Brown's last play off the field, the result of a sack by defensive end Willie Anderson, left him limping. The yards first a Chicago touchback, but Archie Manning hit an apparently open again, and Reilly took both halves off the field. Pittsburgh's offense was held to Bears 20-14. Dillen converted two of Chuck Winters' blocked punts into touchdowns and ripped San Diego 36-14. Tony Danza made his first Cleveland appearance in the NFL, leading the Browns to a 27-10 victory over Tampa Bay. The Redskins' defense kept the Rams from leaving with a tainted lead. Francis Tancineta threw a pair of short touchdowns passes to the running back, and the Redskins won 27-10. In Los Angeles, the Vikings needed Nate Allen's blocking game and tie 21-21 man for a touchdown with 1:27 left in the fourth quarter. The Redskins' defense forced three punts in his L.A. debut and completed three of four passes (page 8). In the Florida state championship, Miami tried to fight its first losing season since 1957, but lost to St. Johns River 28-14. The Jacksonville Jaguars beat a runner who Chester Minkoff booted two quarterbacks in the final 14, tied second 506 to 494 yards. The Jacksonville Jaguars beat the New York Jets 30-14. Nick Mike-Mayer's 13-yard kick tied Atlanta pro St. Louis 5-0 and New England's John Smith kicked four field goals to lead the Patriots to a 21-10 victory. Detroit defeated Kansas City 13-10. Denver beat Baltimore 10-6. Philadelphia handed the New York Jets their second straight loss 13-13, and Seattle scored 35-10.

GOLF—BILL KRATZERT shot the lowest 72-hole score this season, a 19 under-par 76, to win the Suncoast Classic.

vs. *de Castero* Hartford Open by three shots. Kravtsov's first four rounds were exactly 147 (100).

ILLIY RANKIN shot a 15-under par 281 to win the European Women's Open at Sunningdale, England by six strokes over Nancy Lopez. Rankin's \$15,000 winery check is about her 1993 earnings on a total of \$1,000, 340.

HARNESS RACING—KAWARTHA EAGLE (51) 40: driven by Stanley Dancer, won the \$109,000 Thomas P. Cannon Memorial at Vernon Downs, N.Y., on Feb. 19th, a stakes and track record for 3-year-old colts.

HORSE RACING—STEVE CALTHEN achieved a record 100 wins in New York State when he rode NEARLY ON TIME (1d 40) to victory in the Whitney Handicap at Saratoga Springs. Three-time Horse of the Year Pegasus finished last in the field of seven (page 36).

TOYOTA SPORTS—Relieving heat-stricken Donnie Allison in his Chevrolet, **DARRELL WALTRIP** helped Allison win the Talladega 500 a 100 at an average speed of 162.525 mph. Allison received credit for the race (see p. 3).

OSCAR—San Jose beat Hawaii 1-0 to clinch a playoff berth, then beat Dallas 4-3. The Toronto team in its first game also beat Vegas 2-1. Toronto's arrival in the first place in the North Division of the Western Conference was a surprise. Los Angeles 2-0, Los Angeles 2-0, Los Angeles 2-0. Eastern: Rochester gained the playoffs with a 3-0 win over Minnesota. The Kings first in the West also lost to Ft. Lauderdale 4-2. Seattle arrived in Hawaii 5-0 and beat Los Angeles 4-2 to stay in third place in the West while Vancouver remained in second. In the Los Angeles 3-0 and beating Portland 2-0. Tampa Bay was defeated by St. Louis 1-0 and the Cosmos were beaten by Washington 2-1.

WIMMIND—**GRAHAM SMITH**, 18, of Edmonton, broke *Brace Farnham* world record in the 200-meter individual medley by 77 with a 2:05.31 clocking at the Canadian swimming championships in Montreal.

ALICE BROWNE, 14, of Mission Viejo, Calif., won the 1-500 Tri-State in an American record 16.2790 at a

WNBA—WTE Western Division leader Phoenix split four matches, losing to San Antonio 32-18 and Golden Gate 32-19 and beating Boston 29-17 and Golden Gate 17-11. Eastern leader Boston lost two matches in one week falling to Los Angeles 26-23 and Phoenix, but the Lobsters beat Golden Gate 24-19 and San Diego 27-21 to improve their 15-game lead over

New York Martina Navratilova of the Lobsters won all four of her singles matches and now has 17 consecutive victories, a league record. Martina beat Chris Evert, Rosie Casals and Kerry Reid. Golden Gators Francine Durr and Frew MacMillan scored their ninth straight mixed-doubles victories, beating Casals and Charles Pasarell of the L.A. Stars.

Twelfth-seeded JOHN ALEXANDER of Australia upset South-seeded Manuel Santana of Spain 2-6, 6-4, 6-4 to win the \$20,000 first prize in the \$125,000 Volvo International at North Carolina. N.H.

VOLLEYBALL—I/A Commercial Division led by Denver split a six-match road trip, while H-covers Division lead by Orange County took a 2½-match lead over Santa Barbara by winning its last one.

REPORTS **FLEED** MARCEL PRONGENOT? **FIN-** NEST ART AND FIELD BOWEN, co-founders of the NHL's Montreal Sevens, Los Angeles Kings and St. Louis Blues, respectively. Finnest, 47, was an All-Star defenseman for the Los Angeles Kings and played for the Los Angeles Kings and played on the Stanley Cup championship team. He succeeds the fired Floyd Smith (see page 41) as a forward for the St. Louis Blues. In his 21-year career, he has played for the New York Rangers, St. Louis Blues, Los Angeles Kings, New York Islanders, and the Chicago Black Hawks. In his 45, played for the NHL team during a 19-year career and coach for the Los Angeles Kings in 1976. He succeeds Eric Lindros as a forward for the St. Louis Blues. He is a former first and general manager of the Blues, who were recently rescued from a financial crisis when they were bought by the St. Louis-based Raboan Part-

WIRED The fourth coach of the Buffalo Braves in their six-year history, **COTTON FITZSIMMONS**, 46, who formerly coached the Phoenix Suns and the Atlanta Hawks. He signed a four-year contract with the Braves, who last season had three coaches—Terry Lick, Bob MacKinnon and Joe Mullaney.

DIED—JOE BAKSI, 51, heavyweight boxing contender in the 1940s who five hours to future champ Ernie Charles and Remy Joe Walcott, of a heart attack in Atlantic City, N.J.

CREDIT

4-Growing By Anselm Rehn 8-Growing to SQW 24.
20-Visuals: Look A 24-Lane Stewart 30-country
Vassar Broc 40-Lane Stewart 44-Ray Fynat 48-
Eric Schwab 48 90-90-John Isacco 90-90-Wile in
Kleinman 90-Margie Shuer Shore Studios Deen
Cly

FACES IN THE CROWD



JAPPA, ANGELAKIS
Pasadena, Calif.

Fifteen-year-old **Jana**, the AFLA's under-19 women's foil champion, was the youngest finalist to place as high as fifth in the 65-year history of U.S. Women's Foil Championships. Her team was third at the Nationals in Portland, Ore.



CHARLES EDMONDSON
Lecturer in Music

Edmondson, 62, a circuit court judge, led his team to victory in the Humeras (N.C.) Marine Club's invitational tournament by tossing a 66½-pound blue marlin, the largest in the tournament's 14-year history, in one hour and 25 minutes.



GINA BRYFT
 Seattle, Washington

Swift, 25, scored 4,708.20 points, 354.9 more than her closest rival, Kathy Cooke, to win the first Women's National championship in the modern pentathlon, which was held at the Olympic Training Center in Fort Sam Houston, Texas.



JAKE ALONSO

Aldred, 23, scored 21 goals and 25 assists to lead the Tulane Lacrosse Club to a 13-0 record. The Green Wave won its third consecutive Southwestern Lacrosse Association championship by taking the Fiesta Tournament in San Antonio.



CATHY MORSE

Morse, 22, led the University of Miami golf team to the AIAW National Championship in Honolulu. She shot 73-76-74-76—299, 11 over par, to win the individual championship by two strokes over four other women.



GENERATOR

Dooley, 18, had an 81-4 record, pacing the Ocean City High tennis team to three straight New Jersey sectional championships and four Cape-Anchorage League titles. He was 62-0 in regular-season singles play and won 43

COURT SPORT

Sir,

William Oscar Johnson described the trial in the \$2 million Atkinson slander suit (*A Walk on the Sordid Side*, Aug. 1) with perfection. Many think that such articles shouldn't be published, but I am convinced that with this sort of attention, players will start realizing that their lives and professional careers are threatened when they commit flagrant fouls.

CARLTON SAFFORD
Green Bay

Sir,

My heart aches. I have seen the game I've loved since I was old enough to join the neighborhood football team and turn on the television become little more than a pitiful battle of egos, grudges, selfishness and greed.

I don't know why, or how, or even when, exactly, but this magnificent sport with its tremendous skill and excitement and color has lost its magic.

BOB GENIZEL
Lake Havasu City, Ariz.

Sir,

I could have settled the George Atkinson-Chuck Noll dispute easily, dispensing with the lengthy and expensive trial. What happened, simply stated, is that the Pittsburgh Steelers lost a game to the Oakland Raiders, and Noll cried. He singled out Atkinson to divert attention from his defeat, a childish tactic, at best, because flagrant infractions of the rules are consistently overlooked by the officials in the NFL, and all teams suffer equally from these oversights.

I would have gathered all concerned, and to Chuck Noll I would have said, "If you can't stand to lose, you're in the wrong business." To Lynn Swann I would have said, "If you don't want to be hit, get out of the game." To George Atkinson, John Madden, Al Davis and the entire Raider organization I would have said, "Go for greatness! You thrill people from coast to coast each season with your own brand of aggressive and beautifully brilliant football. You are truly champions."

JUDITH MAGALDER
Saratoga, Calif.

Sir,

Johnson brings out the reason why the American people put up with today's violence and crime. Any society that applauds violence on a sports field will allow it to occur off it.

BRICE COHEN
Cromack, N.Y.

Sir,

Your article on the Atkinson slander suit was superb. While Swann and Noll whimper

behind the comforting contrails of Commissioner Rozelle, the "Oakland Criminals" will dominate professional football.

JILL SANFORD
San Jose, Calif.

HELL'S ANGELS

Sir,

A Devil of a Time for the Angels (Aug. 1) proves you can't buy a world champion. The players aren't killing the game with their huge contracts, but the owners who give them the millions of dollars are. After all, no one held a gun to George Steinbrenner and said give Reggie Jackson \$3 million.

JON DALTON
South Orange, N.J.

Sir,

You failed to point out that the real devil is General Manager Harry Dalton. The only good deal he ever made was when he was with Baltimore and got Frank Robinson from Cincinnati. In reality, Dalton is only a yes-man for Gene Autry. Under Dalton, the Angels have about as much chance to improve as Autry had of getting to kiss the girl in his movies.

BILL WILLIGAN
Carlsbad, Calif.

Sir,

As an avid reader of SI I find it odd that you would print an article on the California Angels as one of the major disappointments of the season and that you would not do one on the Cincinnati Reds. I think it would be more interesting to readers to learn why a team that has won two world championships in a row is in second place, 12½ games behind the Dodgers.

SETH FRIEDMAN
Wheatley Heights, N.Y.

• Coming soon —ED

Sir,

Being an Angels' fan is hell. Thanks for exposing them.

BOB ANDREWS
Pasadena

MOVING RAPIDLY

Sir,

Running the Colorado (Aug. 1) was superb. Photographer John Blauslein and Melissa Ludtke took a subject that I would have considered uninteresting and made it fascinating. A job well done.

HOWARD WOLSKY
University Heights, Ohio

CHAWS II

Sir,

In the interests of medical and scientific honesty, it should be brought to your read-

ers' attention that there is more to tobacco chewing than was mentioned in your article (*Chaws*, July 4).

Tobacco chewing has for many years been recognized as a carcinogenic (cancer-causing) agent; this is well established in the dental literature. I wonder how many of these young professional athletes would continue this habit with that in mind.

JAN FELDMAN, D.D.S.
Providence

DRESSED TO KILL

Sir,

I am writing in regard to Frank Hannigan's remark (*Stacy's Not Spacy, Anymore*, Aug. 1) that women's golf needs Laura Baugh to win in a halter. How dare he! Can you imagine him suggesting that Hubert Green should have worn something sexy to help men's golf? It's obvious that Hannigan should be relieved of his duties. His prehistoric attitudes aren't doing anyone any good.

JUDITH BURKE INGRAMAM
Roosevelt Island, N.Y.

JUST LIKE PAPA

Sir,

Robert F. Jones' story on the Torneo de la Aguja (*Pursuing Papa's Markit*, Aug. 1) is one of the finest sports pieces I have read in a long time. Interestingly (and perhaps not altogether accidentally), Jones' style is, in places, strikingly similar to that of the man whose legend dominates the tournament, Ernest Hemingway. Whether or not this style ("That night the wind whistled") is deliberate is, however, secondary. What is significant is that Mr. Jones has written an account of what makes true sport—idealism and courage, not money and greed.

CHAD SCHMERLER
Tenafly, N.J.

WINGS

Sir,

Your article on man-powered flight (*On Gossamer Wings. One of Those Things*, Aug. 1) was very interesting. Dr. McCready's ideas and design seem to be the most logical man has come up with recently.

I greatly appreciate Sam Moses' fine efforts to keep readers informed on unusual happenings in the sports world. Not only this but also the one on George Willig's ascent of the World Trade Center brought a welcome change from the regular sports articles.

Please keep us up to date on Dr. McCready's progress. By the way, Sam, are you going to try and fly the Gossamer Condor?

KEITH LEE
Benson, N.C.

• Sam is mulling it over —ED

continued



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19TH HOLE *continued*

Sir

In the last paragraph of his man-powered plane story Sam Moses writes, "When Leonardo da Vinci was trying to fly five centuries ago, he would never have believed that man would be capable of walking on the moon before he could actually fly under his own power." It's a nice sentence, but it's inaccurate. While Leonardo made a lot of sketches of flying machines and may have built and tried to fly one, I know of no evidence that he did.

The first flight in which a heavier-than-air craft took off and flew under human muscle power alone occurred on Nov. 9, 1961 in England; the aircraft was called SUMPAC (for Southampton University Man-Powered Air Craft) and the pilot was Derek Piggott. Neil Armstrong took the first moon walk on July 20, 1969.

Jiro Horikoshi, not Hidemasa Kimura, designed the World War II Zero fighter.

PALL WAHL
Bogota, N.J.

JACK BACKER
Sir,

I would like to comment on your readers' responses (19TH HOLE, Aug. 1) to the British Open. Three of the five letters expressly or implicitly took issue with Dan Jenkins' assessment of Tom Watson as a golfer.

Those three letters missed the point of Jenkins' article. What he was saying is that Watson is a better golfer than Nicklaus in the Year 1977 and that Watson has the potential to remain a better golfer than Nicklaus.

I agree with the Nicklaus fans that Jack is the greatest golfer today from a total career standpoint.

NEIL M. SCHWARTZ
Foster City, Calif.

DEER JOHN
Sir,

Last night, several of us were sitting in a Milwaukee bar quietly sipping what our fine city is known for, when we noticed an obvious error in your SCORECARD article about highway accidents involving deer.

Being college men, we felt that through empirical observation your writers should have realized that deer read very well but that the DEER CROSSING signs are simply facing the wrong way. If the intent of the signs is for the deer to cross there, then the signs should face into the woods. Go into the woods sometime and try to distinguish between a DEER CROSSING sign and one that reads SLIPPERY WHEN WET. Very difficult!

We know that deer can't play basketball, as evidenced by a certain NBA franchise, but please don't assume their lack of reading skill without proper evidence.

TIM BROWN
STEVE MEYERS
PAT REDDEN
PAT BERTLING
Wauwatosa, Wis.

MAIL CESAR

Sir

In Cesar's *Salad Days Are Over* (Aug. 1), Joe Morgan said if Cedeño would get out of Houston he would be the best player in the league. Well, with Morgan batting around .305 with 16 homers and only 61 RBIs, maybe it's time for Joe to go. And if Cedeño did go to Cincinnati, he would have to face the best young pitching staff in the majors with J.R. Richard, Jojo Abner, Floyd Bennett and Joe Sambito, and wouldn't have to face the Red's shabby staff, which has the next-to-worst record in the league.

MARK COFFMAN
Goree, Texas

TREASURED MEMORY

Sir

While I enjoyed Robert Cantwell's story about burros (*Hide-and-Seek in New Mexico*, Aug. 1), I think you'll agree mine is even better.

This happened some years back. I was living in Tampico, Mexico and was sort of down on my luck when I met a couple of fellows named Howard and Curtin, one of them a grizzly old guy with a beard and white hair, the other about 30, a little younger than I. Anyway, the old guy Howard mentions something about there being a lot of gold up in the Sierras above Tampico and how maybe the three of us ought to go up there and look for it. Trouble was, we didn't have enough money for burros, picks, cutters and other equipment until one day, soon after, a sweepstakes ticket I had bought from someurchin turned out to be a winner. The next day we were off.

I won't bore you with the rest, other than to say we found gold, fought a few bandits and started back. Somehow I got separated from Howard and Curtin on the way down, which left me with all of the gold to guard. I was nearing town when three Mexicans sort of sidled up to me and my string of burros and started poking around. But I was ready for them. From my shirt I pulled out a sack of fool's gold that I had found on the way up the mountain and tossed it at them. While they grappled for it, I took off into the bush, carrying with me a dozen sacks of real gold. Later on I learned that the Mexicans were executed because everyone figured they killed me, and that Howard and Curtin had a laughing fit because they figured all the gold dust had been blown back up the mountain where it had come from. And I'm sitting here by my pool overlooking the Pacific laughing even harder because they were wrong.

FRED C. DOBBS
Acapulco

Address editorial mail to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020.

Yesterday

by VINCE AGUIR

BOBO NEWSOM TURNED SERIOUS AND WON ONE FOR DAD IN THE 1940 SERIES

The happiest of the 31,793 fans jammed into Crosley Field on the sunny afternoon of Oct. 2, 1940 was Henry Quillen Bufkin Newsom. A frail 68-year-old retired farmer, Newsom, it seemed, had been kept alive only by the dream that one day he would see his son, Norman Louis, pitch in a World Series. And this day he would start the Series opener for the visiting Detroit Tigers against the Cincinnati Reds.

The younger Newsom had also waited a long time for this Series. By 1940 he was 33 years old, an 11-year veteran, and was pitching for his sixth big league club. While his father and his family called him Louis, baseball knew him as either "Bobo" or "Buck," and Newsom affectionately referred to himself as "Ol' Bobo." He was a fun-loving, boastful, big-mouthed buffoon, as quick with a quip as he was with a curve.

Some of Newsom's most memorable lines were spoken on the numerous occasions when he was injured. While pitching for the Senators in 1935, he was struck on the knee in the third inning by a vicious liner off the bat of the Indians' Earl Averill. Nonetheless, Newsom finished and won the game. Then he limped into the clubhouse, saying to the trainer, "Mike, Ol' Bobo thinks his leg is broke." Bobo thought right; his leg was in a cast for five weeks.

The next season, the Yankees' Ben Chapman put down a bunt against Newsom in the third inning of the Presidential opener. Senator Third Baseman Ossie Bluege swooped in and made a hasty throw that hit Newsom—who had been giving the play something less than his full attention—in the face. Newsom staggered from the mound in pain but refused to leave the game. "Whenever President Roosevelt comes to see Ol' Bobo pitch," he said, "Ol' Bobo ain't going to disappoint him." He didn't, winning 1-0. Afterward it was discovered that Newsom's jaw had been broken.

With his baggy eyes and ever-present five-o'clock shadow, the 6' 3", 200-pound Newsom usually looked as if he had just got in from an all-night bender. But as one of his teammates, Hall of Famer Charlie Gehringer, says, "Once he stepped out on that field, Bobo was all business."

A rubber-armed righthander, Newsom had all but wrapped up the 1940 pennant for Detroit by winning a double-header in the last week of the season. In the first game, he pitched the last two innings in relief to beat the Chicago White Sox 10-9 for his 20th win, and in the nightcap he went the full nine to gain a 3-2 triumph. He finished the regular season with a 21-5 record.

But even with Newsom's big victories, the Tigers had to battle right up to the final Friday of the season before clinching the flag. With 90 wins and 64 losses, Detroit's percentage of .584 was the lowest ever by an American League pennant winner. And the Tigers' prospects for the World Series seemed none too promising, because they would face the Reds who had won 100 games en route to their second consecutive National League championship.

In the Series opener, Newsom drew as his opponent the Reds' big, experienced righthander, Paul Derringer, who had won 20 or more games three years in a row. The Tigers chased Derringer in 1½ innings. A five-run second and Outfielder Bruce Campbell's two-run homer in the fifth inning gave Newsom more support than he needed. He used only 102 pitches to subdue Cincinnati: 7-2 and got his first World Series victory.

"I feel great over this one, because my father was out there watching me," said Newsom in a postgame interview. But his joy was short-lived. Early the next morning his father died in a Cincinnati hotel room. It had been his heart, said the attending physician, but Newsom claimed his father had died simply because he had seen his son win that Series game. That was all the old man had been living for.

Sobbing, Newsom attended the simple funeral services that afternoon, while out at Crosley Field the Reds were evening the Series 5-3 behind Bucky Walters. Newsom caught the Tigers' special train for the return trip to Detroit and announced he would take his regular pitching turn. "Dad would have

wanted it that way," he said, "and I'm going to beat them for him."

By Game 5, the Series was again tied, when Newsom, head down, walked slowly to the mound at Detroit's Briggs Stadium. A crowd of 55,189 was on hand to lend support to Newsom's bid to "win one for Dad."

The Reds got their first hit in the top of the second, but Newsom held them scoreless. He did the same in the third, before Detroit finally took the lead. After singles by Barney McCosky and Gehringer, one swipe of Hank Greenberg's bat settled the issue. The ball landed in the upper left-field stands to give Newsom a 3-0 edge. Thereafter, Newsom kept firing the ball past the Reds. The final score was 8-0, with Cincy getting only three hits.

Newsom tirelessly shook hands after the game and dutifully posed for pictures with his catcher, Billy Sullivan. When reporters and photographers continued to crowd around Newsom's stall, his teammate Schoolboy Rowe barked, "Leave him alone!" Newsom left the room sobbing. When he came back, he said, "I don't think anybody could have beaten me today. It was the game I wanted to win the most." While Newsom was winning, his father was buried back home in South Carolina.

The Reds bounced back when the Series returned to Cincy for Game 6, Walters winning 4-0. With his undermanned pitching staff, Tiger Manager Del Baker had little choice but to ask Newsom to come back with one day's rest and start the deciding game. As in the Series opener, he would face Derringer.

For six innings, while he nursed a 1-0 lead, it looked as if Newsom would become the first pitcher in 20 years to win three games in a World Series. Then in the bottom of the seventh, two first-pitch doubles, a sacrifice and a long fly gave Cincinnati the runs it needed for a 2-1 win.

Even though the Reds were world champs, the hero of the Series was Newsom. He had pitched the most innings (26), struck out the most batters (17), had the lowest earned run average (1.38) among the starters and had tied Walters and Derringer for most wins (two).

Seven years later, Newsom, then with the Yankees, again pitched in the Series, but he did not win. His last World Series victory would remain the one he won for his dad.

END

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Mazda warrants the basic engine block and its internal

parts will be free of defects with normal use and prescribed maintenance for five years or 75,000 miles, whichever comes first, or Mazda will fix it free. This transferable, limited warranty is free on all new rotary-engine Mazda sold and serviced in the United States and Canada.



*Based on California and Texas POE prices including dealer prep. Slightly higher for other Ports of Entry. Freight, taxes, license and optional equipment are extra. Automatic transmission not available in EPA high altitude counties.

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